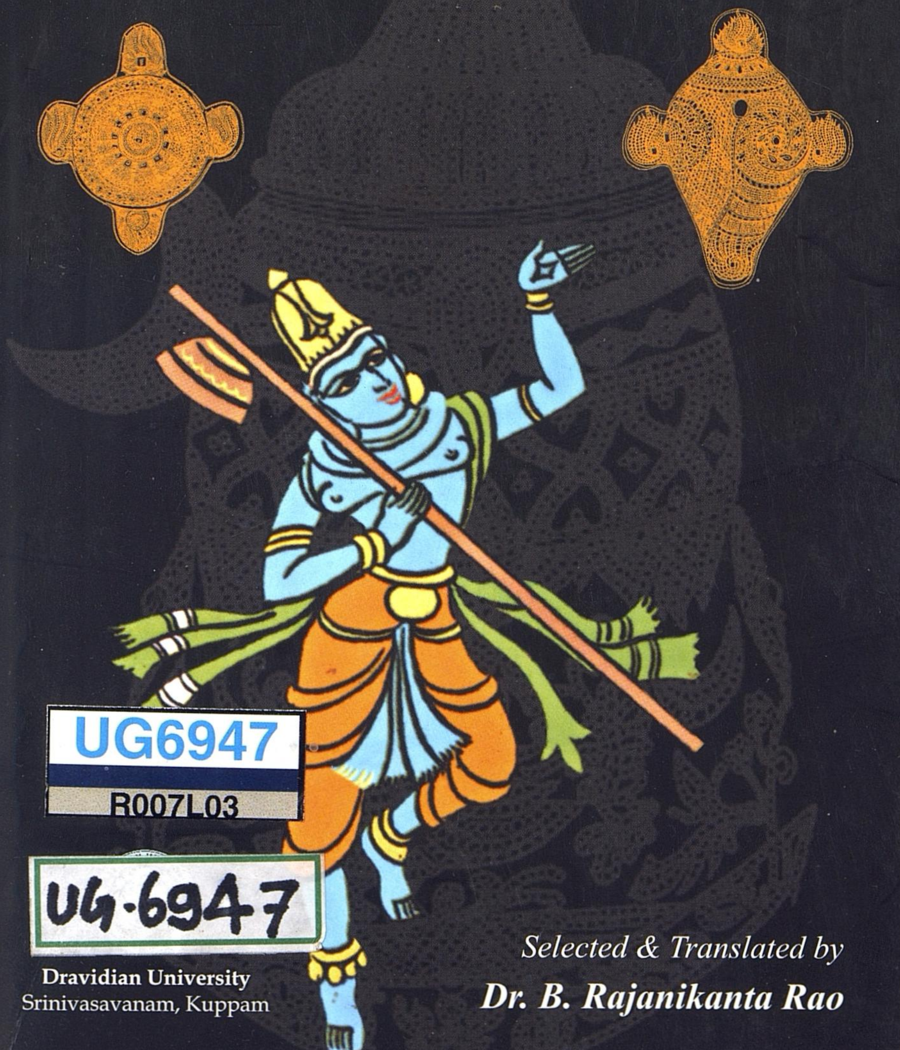
TĀḶḶAPĀKA ANNAMĀCĀRYA'S

Sankeertana Shasti



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Selected & Translated by

Dr. B. Rajanikanta Rao

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అన్నమాచార్య

సంకీర్తన షష్టి

ఆంగ్లానువాదం

'కళాప్రపూర్ణ' బాలాంత్రపు రజనీకాంతరావు

ANNAMĀCĀRYA'S

Sixty lyrics

translation and commentary

by

Dr. B. Rajanikanta Rao, *D.Litt.*

DRAVIDIAN UNIVERSITY
Srinivasavanam
Kuppam - 517 425

Annamacharya Sankeertana Shasti

Selected & Translated by
Dr. Balantrapu Rajanikanta Rao
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సంకీర్తన సూచిక

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Preface	:	Prof. G. Lakshminarayana
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Key to transliteration:

అ - a
ఆ - ā
ఇ - i
ఈ - ī
ఉ - u
ఊ - ū
ఋ - ṛ
ౠ - ṝ
ఎ - e
ఏ - ē
ఐ - ai
ఒ - o
ఓ - ō
ఔ - au
అం - aṃ
అః - aḥ

క - ka
ఖ - kha
గ - ga
ఘ - gha
ఙ - ṅa
చ - ca
ఛ - cha
జ - ja
ఝ - jha
ఞ - ña
ట - ṭa
ఠ - ṭha
డ - ḍa
ఢ - ḍha
ణ - ṇa
త - ta

థ - tha

ద - da

ధ - dha

న - na

ప - pa

ఫ - pha

బ - ba

భ - bha

మ - ma

య - ya

ర - ra

ల - la

వ - va

శ - śa

ష - ṣa

స - sa

హ - ha

ళ - ḷa

క్ష - kṣa

ఱ - ṟa

క - ka

కా - kā

కి - ki

కు - ku

కూ - kū

కృ - kṛ

కౄ - kṝ

కె - ke

కే - kē

కై - kai

కొ - ko

కో - kō

కౌ - kau

కం - kaṃ

కః - kaḥ

THANKS & DEDICATION

I am grateful to Prof. G. Lakshminarayana, Vice Chancellor, and Sri V. Mohan Prasad, Director, Translation Bureau, Dravidian university, Kuppam for having selected me for an assignment of translating Annamacharya's lyrics into English for publication on behalf of Dravidian university.

So, here is a collection of sixty lyrics of Annamacharya, as such the collection can be called 'సంకీర్తన షష్టి'. During the years 1971-76, when I was the Station Director, All India Radio, Vijayawada, I was broadcasting daily one sankirtana of Annamacharya between 7 p.m. and 7.05 p.m. before the Telugu News Bulletin in the evening. For three years from 1979 to 1982, at Tirupati, as Director of the Kalakshetra Project, under the auspices of the Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams, I was composing music, teaching and arranging group- concerts by a band of sixteen men and women artists of Kalakshetra, singing lyrics of various types of Nayikas, Bhajan *goshties* and folk type of songs, all Annamayya's lyrics.

***

I dedicate my translations to Lord Venkateswara.

Dr. B. Rajanikanta Rao

INTRODUCTION

Out of 30,000 lyrics of Annamaachrya only around 15,000 came out in print; out of these around 4000 are "*ādhyātma saṅkīrtanalu*" or spiritual lyrics. Nearly 10,000 or more predominate in *śūṅgārarasa* which means erotic element.

Originally, Annamayya, seems to have started composing lyrics when he was "sweet sixteen", when he was fascinated by his devotion to Lord Venkteswara. This devotion is called *mathurabhakti* because it is "God love" in which the devotee is the beloved or *prēyasi or jīvātma* and the "Lord God" is the supreme hero or *paramātma*.

alamēlumaṅga and Sri Venkateswara represent Raadha and Krishna in Vaishnava parlance and they stand for "*prakūti* and *puruṣa*" in "*saṅkhya*" terminology where as the same divine pair represent sakti and siva in "*śaiva* parlance". In the *yōga tantra*, the human body is the miniature universe starting from *mūlādhāra cakra* or *kuṇḍalini* represent *prakūti* or *jīvātma* and *sahasra cakra* representing the *puruṣa* or *paramātma* .

This path of love or "*praṇayamārga*" which has its beginning in some prehistoric ages having roots in folk arts like Rajasthaani paintings enveloped the literature, arts and architecture entirely covering both *mārga* (classical) as well as *dēśi* varieties of creative arts.

Gradually the *tantra* systems of Saivism Jainism, Buddhism and Yoga formulated a particular type of cultural ethos, bringing out a profuse production of forms of arts, architecture and literature like "Khajuraho" and "*padavali*", like *gītagōvinda* consisting of lyrics *(aṣṭhapadi)*. There you find as the out-come of *yōgatantra* of middle ages the forms of *surasundari, dūtināyika, apsarasa* and *sālabhañjikā* which have carried the God love or madhurabhakti.

brahmavaivartapurāṇa called this ideal image of beloved as *dūti*, messenger-maid, or guru the teacher.

However, there having arisen a profusion of *śakti pitās*, Saint poets participated in what is called "*dūti-yāga*" a rite full of lyric, music and dance and there was a proliferation of. '*padavali*' composers, both in the north and south.

After the *śaivaiṭ nayanmārs* of 7th century and *vaiṣṇavaiṭ āḷvārs* (between 7th and 12th centuries) we have '*annamācārya*' the earliest prolific composer of lyrics in Telugu as "*saṅkīrtanācārya*" and "*padakavita pitāmaha*" in the 15th century.

Whether it be *āḷvārs* of 7th to 12th century, or *jayadēva* of 11th century, *chaṇḍīdās*, *vidyāpati* or *annamayya*, they all followed composing lyrics of god love with predominance of sex in their composition of lyrics and had a *dēśi* (folk) milieu but received no reproof from any quarter at any time!

I feel those were the "limits of permissiveness" as observed by the literati, painters and architects as part of Indian ethos of the middle ages. Suffice to say that not only the great commentator *abhinavaguptapāda* but also his *guru mahēsvara bhaṭṭa* of Kaashmir were all well known adherents of *kaula-tantra*, a variant of *śaivijam/ śaktijam* in which *duuti* and *dūtiyāga* are identified with *prakruti* or Mother Goddess.

It is earnestly expected that this small introduction will benefit the discerning reader with the necessary discipline and equanimity to enter into the devotion with which *annamācārya* composed these lyrics super imposing spirituality on eroticism.

B. Rajanikanta Rao

PREFACE

Prof. G. Lakshminarayana
Vice-Chancellor

The University, right from its inception, has been focusing upon the important objective of promoting inter-linguistic integration. Emphasis on the inter-lingual activity is doubled during the last one year by starting independent departments of all the four major Dravidian languages with emphasis on Translation Studies.

In furtherance of one of its chief objectives, the University has started two important wings-inter-related but independent in character and function- *Prasaranga* and *anusruJana*. While *Prasaranga* is the general publication and extension services wing, *anusruJana* is designed not as a Department but as a Bureau of Translation with the chief motto of introducing the genius of one language speakers to the others involving all the professionals and senior translators in all the Dravidian languages both at home and abroad.

***

Annamayya (1424-1503) is now a household name, thanks to the missionary zeal of Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams in popularizing Annamayya's lyrical contribution among all sections of Telugu people by encouraging several scholars to undertake research and supporting renowned artists to spread the glory of Annamayya's lyrics through their mellifluous voice. It all started with Sri Veturi Prabhakara Sastry and Sriman Rallapalli Ananthakrishna Sarma and Sri Gouripeddi Subba Rama Sarma some seven decades ago as the TTD entrusted them with the work of editing the large corpus of Annamayya's *Padams* inscribed over several thousands of copper plates and preserved separately in the temple premises. They have done excellent work and laid foundations for textual criticism relating to the editing of the great lyrical heritage of the Telugus. Sriman Rallapalli Anantakrishna Sarma who has equal authority over literature and music gave tunes to several Krutis like *'Brahma Kadigina padamu'* etc. Though stalwarts like Padma Bhushan Sri Mangalampalli Bala Murali Krishna participated in the 'Yagna' of popularizing the lyrical heritage of Annamayya, it is the immortal voice of Subbalaxmi whose name is synonymous with Bhakti in performance that made Annamayya's lyrics reach the common man, closely followed by Annamacharya's Project singers in multiple ways. Sri Mallik, Sri Rajaneekanta Rao and a host of other singers have given further shape to the rendering of Annamayya *Padams*.

The whole treasure of Annamayya's works is divided into two major streams, one is the Adhyatmika and the other, Srungara. *Padam*, *Kriti, Sankeerthana* go more or less synonymous in Telugu literature, though some scholars have defined them with slight variations. With his *padams* Annamayya started a new tradition in the Desi form of Telugu literature.

The Bhakti Movement by and large was indebted to Annamayya though initiated by the Veera Saiva Poet particularly, Palkuriki Somanatha in the preceding centuries. It was perpetuated by Potana, the creator of the most mellifluous work, *'Srimadbhagavatam'*. If Potana had blended lyricism into metrical verse *(Padyam)*, Annamayya, has brought the Kavya character to lyricism. His usage of diction, in particular, the native Telugu, his imagination, emotion and the distinct talent in building up an absorbing mood and experimentation in blending the *Desi* and *Marga* forms of expression are all unique. So he stands on a much higher pedestal than many others in the history of Telugu literature. But, alas! The scholarly community in the past has not given the due importance to the Desi literature and the lyrics.

However, it is only recently that Annamayya came to lime - light with the systematic work commenced by TTD. Now it is not only Annamayya (who was said to have composed 32,000 lyrics out of which only 13,750 are available) but also his entire family 'Tallapaka Kavulu' that enjoys a place of pride in Telugu literature. The structure he had introduced to lyrical composition in classical style

with a *pallavi* followed by *charanam* has become a model to all other poets including Kshetrayya, Tyagayya and Sarangapani in the successive centuries. Some of the *ragas* he had created still remain unknown to the modern world of musicology (he did not mention the *Talas* for his *Ragas*). His *Padams* like *Tummeda, Lali, Allonerellu, Chandamama, Jajara*, etc. still remain inimitable. His passion for singing the glory of the Lord remains eternally inspiring every devotee of not only the Lord of the Telugus but also the ardent follower of the musical heritage of Andhra. He is the first to sing the surrender of the self which created Saint poets like Ramadas and Tyagaraju.

**

We all know that 'poetry is what is lost in translation'. This is much more true of Annamacharya's poems than any other. Yet, 'Kala Prapoorna' Balantrapu Rajanikanta Rao who has dedicated all his life to music (see his 2 volumes : *Andhra Vaaggeyakara Charitra*) has now come up to translate 60 *keertanas* at our request. We are indeed indebted to his highly successful contribution.

What is more surprising is Dr. Rajanikanta Rao's willingness (and to his final satisfaction) to be edited by a modern poet 'Mo' who is presently the Director of our Translation Bureau – anusruJana. I thank Dr. Balantrapu Rajani Kanta Rao and congratulate Sri V. Mohan Prasad.

అన్నమాచార్య

సంకీర్తన షష్టి

1

mēlukō śṛṅgārarāya

bhūpāla rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

mēlukō śṛṅgārarāya mēṭi madana gōpāla
mēlukō vō nāpāli miñcina nidhānamā

sandaḍiñcē gōpikala javvana vanamulōna
kanduva tirigē madagajamavu,
indumukhi satyabhāma hṛdayapadmamulōna
gandamu mariginaṭṭi gaṇḍutummedā || *mēlukō* ||

gatigūḍi rukumiṇi kaugiṭipañjaramulōna
ratimuddu gurisēṭi rācilukā
satulu padāruvēla dzaṇṭakannu galuvalaku
hitavai poḍamina nā yindu bimbamā || *mēlukō* ||

varusa kolani lōni vāri vakṣapu goṇḍalapaini
nirati vālina nā nīlamēghamā
sirinuramuna mōci śrīvēṅkaṭādri mīda
garima varamuliccē kalpataruvā !! || *mēlukō* ||

Awake, o Prince of Love,
the great Lover cowherd,
Won't you awake, my heavy treasure trove
rise for my sake *Awake !*

In the buzzing garden of youth
of the young cowherd women, are you not
a free lancing elephant in must
are you not the Youthful bumblebee
much accustomed to the fragrant lotus of
satyabhāmā's *heart* *Awake!*

In the cage of rukmiṇi's *embrace*
you are the most petted parrot kissed much in lust
and to the sixteen thousand pairs of eyes
you are the most lovable mirror of the moon *Awake!*

O, my blue cloud, perching on the hills
of breasts of the cowherd women
standing in the lake, you are
the wish - fulfilling divine tree
carrying goddess lakṣmi *on your bosom*
my munificent giver of boons
O, Lord of veṅkaṭādri *Awake!*

2

ēkulajuḍēmi

bhūpāla rāgaṃ — *āditāḷaṃ*

ēkulajuḍēmi yevvaḍainanēmi
ākaḍa nātaḍē hari neriginavāḍu || ē ||

pargina satya sampannuḍainavāḍu
paranindasēya tatparūḍu gānivāḍu
arudaina bhūta dayānidhi yaguvāḍu
parulu dānēyani bhaviñcuvāḍu || ē ||

nirmaluḍai yātma niyati galuguvāḍu
dharma tatparabuddhi dagilinavāḍu
karmamārgamula gaḍavanivāḍu
marmamani haribhakti maravanivāḍu || ē ||

jagatipai hitamugā cariyiñcuvāḍu
pagalēka matilōna bradikina vāḍu,
tegi sakalamula nātma delisina vāḍu
tagili vēkaṭēśu dāsuḍaina vāḍu || ē ||

What if born in any caste
What if who ever he is
it is he, who, knows Hari, the supreme!

It is he, bestowed with the wealth of truth
not attuned to think ill of others:
one, a rare specimen of being merciful
to all beings and thinks of his own
well being in other's welfare!

One , taintless and having control
over self, and bestows his mind
to all that is just
one who does not give up karma
one who does not forget devotion to Hari
one who acts in a wholesome way
one who lives with never a trace of hatred
in his mind one who honors all
one engaged in perennial
service to Lord veṅkaṭēsvara*!*
It is he, who knows Hari, the supreme!

3

abburampu śiśuvu

maṅgaḷakaiśiki āditāḷaṃ

abburampu śiśuvu, ākumīdi śiśuvu
drobbuḍu rōli śiśuvu, tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi || abbu||

puṭṭuśaṅkhu cakramula puṭṭina yī śiśuvu
puṭṭakayē tolimāru puṭṭuvaina śiśuvu
voṭṭuka pāluvennala vōlalāḍu śiśuvu
toṭlalōni śiśuvu tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi || abbu||

niṇḍina baṇḍini tannina cinna śiśuvu
āṇḍuvāri madamella aṇacina śiśuvu
koṇḍalantēsi suralaṅ goṭṭina yī śiśuvu
duṇḍagampu śiśuvu tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi || abbu||

vēgaina vēṅkaṭagiri velasina śiśuvu
kaugiṭa indira tolaṅganiyaṭṭi śiśuvu
āgi pālajaladhilōna andamaina penubāmu
tūgu mañtsamu śiśuvu, tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi || abbu||

O child of wonder, lying on the primordial
banyan leaf, the child that pushes the mortar
tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi

This child born with the conch and
discus in the hands, taking a different
incarnation even before its birth
this child that revels in milk and butter
playing about in cradles
tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi

This child who kicked the heavy cart carrying
a demon and sucked the life out of
the demon Pootana's breasts, and suppressed
the ego of women folk !

This child who vanquished mountanous enemies
this child who shone in the dawn on Venkata hill,
and the one whose embrace, indira never leaves
lolling in the middle of the milky ocean
On the cradle like serpentine couch
tpruvvi tpruvvi tpruvvi!!

4

jaṭṭigonera

āhiri rāgaṃ | *ādi tāḷaṃ*

jaṭṭi gonera ninu javarālu
ciṭṭamṭu cētala celagitivapuḍu *// jaṭṭi //*

vāluga cūpulu vāḍaga nāṭaka
śālalōna ninu javarālu,
cālaga muriyutsu saraguna civukuna
kālajimminanu kaligiti vapuḍu *// jaṭṭi //*

solapugonutsu miñtsula molanūḷla
palupula muripepu javarālu
galagala gajjelu gadalaga nunudoḍa
jalimigadalcina bramasitivapuḍu *// jaṭṭi //*

sompagu tala cañtsula munivrēḷḷa
sampada naḍapula javarālu
impulu neraputsu iṭu ninu gadisina
kampiñciti vēṅkaṭa ramaṇā *// jaṭṭi //*

When that woman has taken cudgels against you,
you have engaged yourself in petty erotic pranks.

When that young woman in the theatre with her fishlike looks
and coquetry, suddenly moved her foot
kicking the crown on your head, were you not perturbed?

When lovely young woman with a lightning like waist-belt
made a noise of jingling bells,
with a subtle movement of her soft thigh,
oh mylord, you have truly forgotten your sense of existence!

When the young woman of wealth and pleasure
walking on the tips of her toes met you,
attracted by her bewitching postures

You were just shaken
o my Lord veṅkaṭaramaṇa!

5

alarulu kuriyaga

śaṅkarābharaṇaṃ rāgaṃ　　　ādi tāḷaṃ

alarulu kuriyagan āḍenadē
alakala kulukula alamēlumaṅga　　　// alarula//

aravirisobagula ativalu metstsaga
arateramaruguna nāḍenadē
varusa napūrvaduvāḷapu tirupula
hari garagimputsu nāḍenadē　　　// alarula//

maṭṭapu malapula maṭṭela kelapula
taṭṭeḍi naḍapula nāḍenadē
peṭṭina vajrapupeṇḍepu taḷukulu
aṭṭiṭu cimmucu nāḍenadē　　　// alarula//

cindula pāṭala siripolayāṭala
andela mōtala nāḍenadē
kanduva tiruvēṅkaṭapati metstsaga
andapu tirupula alamēlu maṅga　　　// alarula//

As flowers get scattered from the dangling fore - locks
as women applaud her beauty of half open blossoms,
while dancing behind the half lowered curtain
she goes on dancing in continuous, quick and double revolutions
melting the heart of Hari.

Moving about, half lowered legs forward and backward
she takes right about turns!
Beating the floor with each foot, she crosses the stage.
She sweeps the void from one side to another
as the diamond anklet shines as a passing comet!
Singing lyrics of cindu portraying incidents enacted
by an angered consort, she danced as the anklets rang.

Drawing applause from lord veṅkaṭapati
alamēlu maṅga ***performed most beautiful*** bhramarīs.

6

tirotirō javarāla

nāṭa rāgaṃ — **triśragati ēka tāḷaṃ**

tirotirō javarāla, tatti, titti
taraḷamaina nī tārahāra madare || tirotirō ||

dhimi dhimi toṅga toṅga diddi mikki arē
mamārē pātra rāvu majjhāmajjhā
kamalanābhuni tamakapuṭinti nīku
amarē tīrupu idē avadharimpagadē || tirotirō ||

jakka jakka jañjhaṃ jhaṇakināni
prakaṭapu muruvoppē bhaḷā bhaḷā
sakalapatiki sarasapu gommā nī
mokasari merasē cimmula muripemulā || tirotirō ||

māyimāyi alamēlu maṅga nācyāri, mati
bāyani vēṅkaṭapati paṭṭapurāṇi
mrōya cirugajjela nī mrōtalānēni
sōyagamaina nī solapudzūpamarē || tirotirō ||

Turn round, turn round, O young woman,

as the resplendent starry necklace gets shaken in its position

laying steps to suit rhythmic syllables tatti, titti!

dhimi dhimi toṅga toṅga diddi mikki arē

Enter into the character of the heroine, even

while dancing, from time to time,

being a woman of love of the lord having a lotus in his navel;

here is a closing pattern of rhythm.

For your dance, please accept the same!

jakka jakka jañjhaṃ jhaṇakināni

while dancing your pride comes out well, and good!

Most endearing woman of Lord of all!

The splendour of your face shines through

the lilt of your thrown away steps!

Mother, Mother, alamēlumaṅga, the dancing beauty,

you are the Queen consort of the lord,

who never fades out of his mind;

the jingling sound of little bells touches his ears

your beautiful looks make the Lord forget himself !

7

yindaramunnāramu

śrīrāgaṃ *rūpaka tāḷaṃ*

yindaramunnāramu - yevvate yētsūputsūce
aṃdamuga nīvē mā kānatiyyavayya *// yindara//*

siggu paḍḍa tsūpulu cirutalai mīda pōru
diggana lōnaina tsūpu tegi sāgunu !
yeggu paṭṭina tsūpu yīḍanāḍa masalunu
daggari pai konna tsūpu tagulai migulunu *// yindara//*

āsapaḍḍa tsūpulu añcalañcalai vatstsu
vēsārukonna tsūpu vēḷamēmaḷḷu.
rōsapu tsūpulu miñtsu rūḍhiṅkaḍagaṇḍlanu
vāsula cūpulu tamavaddanē yuṇḍunu *// yindara//*

volasi vollani tsūpu voralai kaḍabāru
valasina tsūpu paravaśa mandiñtsu
yelami śrīvēṅkaṭēśa yiṭunannu gūḍitivi
telusu nanniyu nīkē drimmarivi kanuka *// yindara//*

We are so many of us –
who among us has displayed
which type of look
you alone can tell
wouldn't you, master,
declare elegantly!
The bashful looks become leopards
to pounce upon and attack;
the sudden introvert looks are elastic but reckless !
The looks smarting an injured pride
loiter hither and thither;
the looks which once hoped to reach and overpower you
stay away with you interlocked;
the languished looks that once reached you
make a stop over!
the fatigued looks once having reached
are sure taking a right about turn;
the angered looks certainly
excel in facing disaster!
And the looks of nobility
remain sticking on to their source.
The looks which extend love and withdraw
fade out gradually in round ripples .
The sincere look of love
makes you attain the ecstatic state.
Out of love, my Lord veṅkaṭēśa,
since you joined me like this,
all the types are known to you!
Since you are a vagabond too!

8

tsūḍa tsūḍa māṇikyālu

varāḷi rāgaṃ — ādi tāḷaṃ

tsūḍa tsūḍa māṇikyālu, tsukkalavale nunnavi
īḍulēni kannulavē yinacanḍrulu || tsūḍa ||

kaṇṭi kaṇṭi vāḍevāḍe, ghanamaina mutyāla
kaṇṭhamālalavē padakamulu navē
miṇṭi poḍavainaṭṭi miñtsu kirīṭambadē
dzaṇṭalavelugu śaṅkhacakrālavē || tsūḍa||

mokku mokku vāḍe vāḍe mundaranē vannāḍu
cekkulavē nagavutō jigimōmadē
pukkiṭa lōkamulavē bhujakīrtulunu navē
tsakkanamma alamēlu javarāladē || tsūḍa||

muṅgai murālunu navē molakaṭārununadē
baṅgāru niggula vanne patstsabaṭṭadē
iṅgita merigī vēṅkaṭēśuḍadē kannulaku
muṅgiṭa nidhānamaina mūlabhūtamadē || tsūḍa||

As one stares at the rubies,
one takes them for stars, the unique pair of eyes
the sun and the moon!

I have seen, I have seen, 'tis he 'tis he!
With garlands of priceless pearls and medallions!
Bow down, bow down,
verily he is standing in the front!

The cheeks and the shining face
with the sweet smile,
the universes in the miracle mouth,
and the shoulder stars on either side,
And there on the chest, the charming mother
ever youthful alamēlu!

Look at the forearm with bracelets
and the dangling sword on the waist
and the yellow robe colorful and glittering in golden hue!
Knowing the desire in our minds
Lord Venkateswara stands before our eyes!

9

mollalēlanāku

konḍa malahari rāgaṃ *āditāḷaṃ*

mollalēlanāku, tannē muḍutsukommana vē nē
cella puvvukopputāvī ceñtsudānanē *||molla||*

paṭṭucīrēṭikināku pāruṭākulē tsālu
daṭṭi gaṭṭu kommanavē tanamolanē
paṭṭemañtsamēlēnāku, pavvaḷiñtsamanavē
ceṭṭukinda poralāḍē ceñtsudānanē nē *||molla||*

sandidaṇḍa lēlēnāku saṅkukaḍiyamē tsālu,
yindavē yēvvatekainā yimmanavē
gandamēlēnāku, tscakkani tanakēgāka, nē,
cinduvandu cemaṭamai ceñtsudānanē nē *||molla||*

kutstsumutyālēlēnāku, gurivindalē tsālu
kucci tana meḍagaṭṭi kommanavē
kacci peṭṭi kūḍē vēṅkaṭa girīndruḍu nannu
ciccī nē naḍavīlōni ceñtsudānanē nē *||molla||*

Why these tender jasmines for me?
Let him deck them in his own hair do.
I am after all a cencu *belle,*
with coiffure exuding wild fragrance.
Why this silk saree for me?
Won't green forest leaves suffice?
With such a long saree let him
tie a tight waist band for himself.
Why this wooden couch for me?
Let his own good self recline on it.
After all I am a cencu *belle*
swirling in mud under the tree.
Why these armlets for me?
Let him take these and offer to any other woman.
Enough for me the bracelets of conch shells.
`Why this sandal paste for me?
Let him keep it for his own beauty !
I am after all a cencu *belle*
with an odour of perspiration.
Why this garland of pearls for me?
Let him wear around his own neck.
Wouldn't it suffice,
my garland of guruvinda *seeds?*
What a lot of splendour displayed
by Lord of Venkatagiri, to take me to his bosom?

Shame on me, I am after all a cencu *belle*
swirling in mud under a tree.

10

lētaciguride

kānaḍa rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

lēta ciguride pavvaḷiñcavayya kānike,
brātigā kammanitāvi pāyaka mīṭainadi *|| lēta ||*

impula velaga paṇḍlindavayya kānike
gumputēkuṭāku maruguna nunnavi.
kempu mōvi paṇḍu cittagiñtsavayya kānike
dimpani tēneperala tīpulu sōkinadi *|| lēta ||*

pañtsala vāḍammulive paṭṭavayya kānike
poñci toṅgali garula podinunnavi
koñcepuvennela livigō nayya kānike
mañci molla mogaḍala māṭuna bāyanivi *|| lēta ||*

ippuḍē vēṅkaṭēśā nī kekkuvayya kānike
cippilu pannīṭi niṇḍu celamainadi
dappidērē māṭalatō dakkegā nā kānike
koppunerulavirula kummarintalainavi *|| lēta ||*

Here is a tender sproutling, my gift
lay yourself on it, fresh,

not yet relieved of the bewitching fragrance!

Here is a pair of ripe wood-apples,

take this my gift,

hidden behind a cluster of teak leaves!

Here is a ruby-like labial fruit,
graciously own the gift
carrying honey yet unlifted from the comb;

Here is the pointed five-sum of arrows, my gift,
peeping from the quiver of bulging sepals;

Here are the budding rays of moonlight, my gift,
still resting behind the petals of jasmines and vakuḷās!

Just now, ō veṅkaṭēśa, please accept my cherished gift
of rose-water, surging, over-flowing the brim,
with your sweet nothings, quenching my thirst,
isn't my gift accepted?
Hurled on your feet,
aren't they the flowers bedecked on my coiffure!

11

valacivacciti nēnu

dēvasāḷagaṃ

(dēsāḷaṃ) rāgaṃ ādi tāḷaṃ

valaci vacciti nēnu vānikigānu
nelavai mī gollavāḍanē tā nuṇḍunaṇṭa // valaci //

celadammi kannulavāḍu, cēti pillagrōvivāḍu
iṃduvacce kaṇṭirē, yēmi vōyammā
mandalapaśuvulavāḍu, makarāṅkarāṅkamulavāḍu
yendununnāḍō cepparē - yēlarāḍammā // valaci //

nemalipiñchamuvāḍu, nīlamēghakāntivāḍu
ramaṇuḍātaḍu mokkēmu, rammanarammā
jamili cētulavāḍu śaṅkucakramulavāḍu
amara mī pāla cikkunaṭa tsūparammā // valaci //

patstsapaiḍidaṭṭivāḍu pakṣivāhanapuvāḍu
iccināḍu nā kuṅgaramu idivōnammā
ceccerakōnēṭivāḍu, śrī vēṅkaṭēśvaruḍu
vacci nannu gūḍināḍu, vāḍuvōyammā // valaci //

Fallen in love I have come for him,
seems he stays in your colony of cowherds
He with a large pair of lotus eyes and a flute in hand
I have loved and come here for his sake!
I understand he lives here in your colony of cowherds.
An expanding pair of lotus-like eyes,
holding a bamboo flute in hand!
He seems to have come here,
have you seen him, my dear women!
One who tends herds of cattle,
He with painted animal pictures on his face in marine
Can't you tell me, where he is?
Why does he not come, my dear women!
He with a pea-cock feather,
He with a body of blue cloud
He is Lord of us all, we bow down to him
Why don't you ask him to come?
He has two pairs of hands,
carries a conch and discuss.
He seems to be available to you, please show him!
He wears a waist-band of yellow and gold lace
He rides a bird;
He gave me a ring; here it is;
He lives near the lake on the hill
He is Lord veṅkaṭēśvara
He came and united with me, so for him I've come!

12

rāḍaṇṭā naṇṭivi

rītigauḷa rāgaṃ *rūpaka tāḷaṃ*

rāḍaṇṭā naṇṭivi, ramaṇuḍu nī vaddiki
pōḍimi nī śakunālippuḍu nijamāyenulē // rāḍaṇṭā //

cekkiṭa ceyyēṭikē cittamu nuyyēṭikē
nikkitsūḍavē pati nilutsunnāḍu
mokkavē cētuletti mogamu tsūcīnataḍu
nikkalalāyē nēḍu nīvu kanna kalalu // rāḍaṇṭā //

siggulakarugulēlē celula maragulēlē
voggi koluvu sēyavē voṇṭi nunnāḍu,
daggari yedurukōvē tānē vaccīnataḍu
baggana nī nōmulellā phaliyiñcēnavigō // rāḍaṇṭā //

nēlavrāta liviyēmē nī talapōta lidēmē
yēlumanavē śrī vēṅkaṭēśuḍunnāḍu
mēlamāḍavē alamēlu maṅga vātadēle
kōlumundai talakūḍē kōrinakōrikalu // rāḍaṇṭā //

You have been saying, He wouldn't be coming to you;

but the surely the omens have proved to be true!

Should you lay your cheek in the palm?

Why should your mind be a well of depression?

Rise up and look, your Lord is standing there.

See, he is looking at your face.

The dreams you had have come true.

Why lose yourself in bashfulness!

Why hide yourself behind your maiden friends?

Enthuse yourself to serve him, for he is alone.

Go near and welcome him;

He comes of his own accord.

All your austerities have become fruitful.

Should your toe still be writing on the floor?

Should your mind be still over - flown with thoughts?

Sri veṅkaṭēśa is certainly there –

ask him to receive you as his heroine.

Prank and prance, he will receive you

alamelumaṅga! fulfilled are the desires of your heart,

even before expectation!"

13

veliki veḷḷaḍu

kannaḍa gauḷarāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

veliki veḷḷaḍu, tsaliki veravaḍu
ulikī, ulikī, ulikenayā // veliki //

rōgiyai tā rutsula bāyaḍu
bhōgiyai ratipondollaḍu
vēgimigilina veḍacīkaṭi nīru
trāgī trāgī trāgenayā // veliki //

toḍiki toḍakaḍu, uḍiki uḍukaḍu
kaḍiki kasaraḍu, kaḍucēraḍu.
maḍikī guḍikī māninamamatala
puḍikī, puḍikī, puḍikenayā // veliki //

ninḍi ninḍaḍu, nerasinerayaḍu
panḍi banḍaḍu bayalītala
anḍane tiruveṅkaṭādhipudalatsutsu
unḍī unḍī unḍenayā // veliki //

He does not go out; nor is he afraid of cold wind;

but goes on shivering.

He does not give up delicious food, even being ill !

He does not like to be erotic

even being fit to fall in love.

Even being scorched out of separation

from the love of the Lord,

He goes on drinking from the darkness of loneliness.

He does not eat or cook

nor does he shout for food and join the sessions of eating.

Out of the routine rituals at home and temple,

he goes on snatching little bites of old ritual.

He cannot be considered fully occupied nor unoccupied.

He expands himself, he does not fill in.

He sleeps and does not sleep

but goes on swimming in open space !

He won't be sleeping inside the house nor in the open,

but goes on thinking about the Lord of tiruveṅkaṭa

He sits and sits still in the same mood!

14

maruni nagaridaṇḍa

kāpi nārāyaṇi rāgaṃ — *tripuṭa tāḷaṃ*

maruni nagaridaṇḍa mā yillerugavā
virula tāvulu velli viriseṭi tsōṭu //maruni //

maragu mūkacintala māyillerugavā
gurutaina baṅgāru koṇḍala sande
maraputelivi yiṅka, mā yillerugavā
veravaka madanuḍu vēṭāḍē tsōṭu // maruni //

madanuni vedananta māyillerugavā
cedariyu cedarani cimmacīkaṭi.
madilōna nīvuṇḍēṭi māyillerugavā
kodalēka mamatalu koluvuṇḍētsōṭu //maruni //

marulummetala tōṭa māyillerugavā
tiruvēṅkaṭagiri dēvuṇḍavīvu
marumudrala vākili māyillerugavā
niratamu nī sirulu niñcēṭi tsōṭu //maruni //

Don't you know our abode,
in the annexe to manmatha's castle;
from where permeate all over the floral fragrances;
in the scorching woods of silent depressions
don't you know our home?

The twilight valley demarcating the duo of golden hills!
Between the borders of sleep and wakefulness
Don't you know our habitat?

The heart where manmatha fearlessly goes about hunting!
Don't you know our quarters in Love's seasonal fair,
in the scattered and mopped up hollows of dreary darknesses?

Can't you locate our dwelling where you repose in our hearts,
where affections boundless hold aloft their court?
In the grove of maddening seeds of love
can't you find our gene
where you are the deity of the Venkata Hill!

In the corridor where Love God's seals are laid,
wont you see our home, one,
which you sustain ever replete with riches
You Lord of the hills!

15

cakkadanamula

sāmantaṃ rāgaṃ — *ādi tāḷaṃ*

cakkadanamula vārasatulārā,
ikkuvatekkuvala mīrēmi sēsērē ||cakka||

oppugā narakamu māku umbaḷicci, manamellā
kappamu goṇṭirigā aṁganalārā..
appuḍē gōvinduniki āhi veṭṭiti cittamu
yippuḍu mī yemmelu mīrēmisē sērikanu ||cakka||

pañcamahāpātakālu pāradōli māsiggulu
lañcamugōririgā nelantalārā
vañcana tōḍuta hari vāra maiti miṁkanu
yiñcuka guṭṭula mīrendujoccēriṁkanu ||cakka||

doṁgili mā guṭṭulella dōvavēsi marubāri
bhaṁga peṭṭitirigā vō bhāmalārā
ceṁgaliñcī vēṁkaṭēśu sēvakun dzoccitimō
yeṁgili mōvulunu mī rēḍa baḍē riṁkanu ||cakka||

O courtesan damsels with beautiful bodies !

What would you like to do when you receive

high and low quantities of anything ?

Having given us hell as a rent free grant of land

you have grabbed our minds as tribute, O women!

I have already dedicated my heart to Govinda.

What do I have with your attractive dalliances?

Having thrown away the five abominable sins,

you have demanded our shames as bribe, O damsels !

We have dedicated ourselves to Hari, having disappointed you;

where do you like to sneak in, with your secrets?

Having stolen our secrets and thrown them away to Love God,

you have frustrated our hopes, O dames!

We have revelled and entered into the service of vēṅkaṭēśa

Where would you like to go and fall with your polluted lips?

16

vēḷagādu pōvakurē

dēvagāndhāri rāgaṃ *rūpakatāḷaṃ*

vēḷagādu pōvakurē, veladululōpaliki,
mēlimi tāmiddarē mēḍapai nunnāru *// vēḷagādu //*

vāḍumpuvvula kopputōḍa vannelamōvulatōḍa
tōḍañjiṭlu gandhāla dummula tōḍa
vīḍepu selavulatōḍa vibhuḍutānu naddampu
nīḍalu cūcu koṇṭā nilucunnāridivō *// vēḷagādu //*

ciru cemaṭalugāra siggunavvulu tēra
nerula cikkudīsi nivuru koṇṭā
girukukannula nidrā keṅgēlanu bulumukoṇṭā
merugu navvulatō muccaṭāḍē radivō *// vēḷagādu //*

timiri okari kokkaru tēṭa mōmulu cūcikoṇṭā
samamōhamulu paipai jallukoṇṭānu
amara śrī vēṅkaṭēśuḍalamēlumaṅgayu tānu
tamigūḍī lōlōna daivārē ridivō *// vēḷagādu //*

It is no time to enter O women

for you in to the upper chamber now!

With hair-dos of withered flowers and colourful lips,

and the broken tattoos spilling powder of dried up sandal paste

with the chewed up juice of betel and nut

the Lord and his consort are standing together

looking at their images in the full length mirror!

beads of perspiration rolling down, bashful smiles coming up,

straightening the entangled plaits of hair, stroking at each other

with lightning - like laughter, they are chatting

each looking at the other's refreshed face,

sprinkling equal passion,

each showering on the other.

Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara *along with* alamēlumaṅga

Unite with ardour and enjoy the union there!

17

mottakurē ammalālā muddulāḍu

kāmbhōjirāgaṃ　　　　āditāḷaṃ

mottakurē ammalālā, muddulāḍu vīḍē
muttemuvalenunnāḍu muddulāḍu　　|| motta ||

cakkani yaśōdatannu saligetō mottarāgā
mokkabōyī kāḷlaku muddulāḍu,
vekkasāna rēpalle vennalellāmāpudākā
mukkuna vayyagadinna muddulāḍu　　|| motta ||

ruvveḍitāḷla talli rōla tannu gaṭṭenaṇṭā
muvvala gaṇṭalatōḍi muddulāḍu
navveḍi cekkulaninda nammika bāluḍuvale
muvvuralō nekkuvaina muddulāḍu　　|| motta ||

vēla saṅkhyala satula veṇṭabeṭṭukonirāgā
mūlujannuguḍicīnī muddulāḍu
mēlimi vēṅkaṭagiri mīdanunnāḍidevacce
mūlabhūti tānaina muddulāḍu　　|| motta ||

Don't hit the sweet child O Women of the village!
He is sweet and soft like a pearl!

When the beautiful yaśōda was about to hit him with a mortar
her sweet child was about to touch her feet and kiss.
In vrēpalle till the night fell, sustaining all the butter, he
was pushing it into his mouth, this sweet child.
The mother bound him,throwing a rope around him.
The sweet child with jingling anklets and bells !
He was throwing cheek - fulls of smiles.
This child becomes most favored among the three brothers.
Thousands of beloveds having come along with him,
he goes to a corner to suck breast-milk.

He stays on the hill of vēṅkaṭa, where has he come from
Such a sweet child the original source of God-hood!

18

pōrō pōrō ammalāra

bauḷi rāgaṃ **ādi tāḷaṃ**

pōrō pōrō ammalāra.. bommalāṭa vāramu,
yīrasānamummuniṭṭē yēmicēsēru || pōrō||

ūrulēni polamēla, voḍalu mōcukonēmu
tēradēhamettukoni tiragēmu..
vāru vīranucuvaṭṭi vāvulu cēsukonalēni
pēru peṭṭu koni lōlō bīruvukulayyēmu || pōrō||

buddhilēni buddhitōḍa ponducēsukonivaṭṭi
yeddubaṇḍi vaṇṭi sandinirigēmu
nidduralō telivaṇṭa, nīḍalō nīyaṇḍaṇṭa
vudduvuddulai lēni voddikanunnāramu || pōrō||

māṭalēni māṭu recci, marugu veṭṭukavaṭṭi
mōṭānamēṭlavale merasēmu,
gāṭamaina tiruveṅkaṭagiri nilayuni
nāṭakamē nijamani nammikanunnāramu || pōrō||

Out with you, out with you .... you ladies!

We are wandering puppet players!

If jealous how would you carry on with us?

Why should there be any farm without a village to live?

We roam eking out a living with our physical charm

carrying our body as a salable commodity

to who-so-over that we come across.

We can not have any familial relationship

we are ashamed in our heart of hearts.

With an unwilling aptitude, we maintain

a relationship as that of an ox-cart!

Wakefulness in sleep, and your refuge in a cool shade,

we are in pairs that play about with;

we multiply words with pretentious cover

and shine as it were in unequalled achievement,

in our belief in the Lord of veṅkaṭagiri*'s*

drama being the ultimate truth!

19

ōvō rākāsulārā

gauḷarāgaṃ āditāḷaṃ

ōvō rākāsulārā, oddu suḍī vairamu..
dēvuni śaraṇanarō, telusukōrō || ōvō ||

jagatilō rāmuḍai janiyiñce viṣṇuṇḍide
āgapaḍi lakṣmi sītayai puṭṭenu,
taga śēṣa śaṅkhacakra daivasādhanamu lella
tagili lakṣmaṇa bharata śatrughnulairi || ōvō ||

surulu vānarulairi, sūryuṇḍu sugrīvuḍu
marigi rudruṇḍu hanumantuḍaiyenu
varusa brahmadēvuḍu jāmbavantuḍaināḍu
veravarinaluṇḍē viśvakarmasuṇḍī || ōvō ||

kaṭṭiri sētuvunu ghanulella dāṭiri,
muṭṭiri laṅkānagaramunu daḷamulai
aṭṭē śrīveṅkaṭēśu ḍātaṇḍē yītaṇḍai
voṭṭucu varamuliccepō naradāsulaku || ōvō ||

Oh ye demons, don't entertain enmity with rāma

Take refuge in the Lord consciously!

In this world, viṣṇu is born as rāma

lakṣmi has taken birth as sīta

God's appurtenances like śēṣa, śaṅka and cakra

have become lakṣmaṇa, bharata and śatūghna!

Oh ye demons!!

The surās of heaven have been born as vānarās

and the Sun in - carnated as sugrīva!

In the order, creator brahma became jāmbavan,

the resourceful nīla was verily viswakarma the divine architect himself!

Constructing the bridge all the supreme warriors crossed the ocean and besieged the city of laṅka, in different battalions!

And hero rāma himself became Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara

and gave his human devotees many a boon!

20

sāreku naṇṭakurē

śaṅkarābharaṇa rāgaṃ *āditāḷaṃ*

sāreku naṇṭakurē jaḍanandarū
dhīruḍāta ḍuttama dēhiyaṇṭa *//sāreku//*

bāyiṭa peṭṭakurē pakṣulu pāreḍipoddu
vōyammā bāluraku voppadanduru,
māyapulugokkaṭi maccika yī bāluni
cēyicci yekkiñcukona cērenaṇṭā *//sāreku//*

pañcaladippakurē, pāmulu veḷḷēṭi poddu
koñcepubālura pai konunanduru,
miñcina pāmokkaṭi merasi yī bāluni
diñcaka yekkiñcukoni tirigēnaṭa *//sāreku//*

alamipaṭṭakurē, aṃṭugā uṃḍēṭivāru
tolagaramma bāluraku dōsamanēru..
kaliki yī tiruvēṅkaṭapatigalisina
celagi vēgame cīra cikkenaṇṭā *//sāreku//*

Don't play too often with his plait.

He is a valliant boy !

Don't expose him to open skies

when birds fly back to their nests

as such, it is unsuitable for boys;

A cunning bird seems to have

descended in an indulgent manner

to catch his hand to make him mount over himself.

Don't let him loiter over the corridors

at this time of sneaky snakes.

They appear to carry away small baby-boys.

A mighty snake seems to have smartly

got this boy ride over himself.

Let not women in their periods hold the child,

fie with those girls,

it is a taboo to touch the adolescent boys;

When the Lord of Venkata hill catches glimpse of her, look!

A piece of her saree appears to have gone into his grip!

21

koṇḍalō kōvila

koṇḍamalahari rāgaṃ — āditāḷam

koṇḍalō kōvila kuyya guṇḍe pagile nī
yaṇḍakurāgā prāṇa mantalō bradikerā || koṇḍalō ||

valaci ninnu vedaki vaḍinē rāgānu
pulivale mogaḍuṇḍe pōniyyaka,
talaci nākantalōne talanovvagānu
cilukumbulakalettī siggumālē valapu || koṇḍalō ||

ēmariñcī yiṇṭi vāri neḍapi nē rāgānu
gāmaina biḍḍa yēḍce kadalanīka,
tāmasiñci yuṇḍalēka tallaḍiñcagānu
cīmalu mai pākinaṭlu cimmirēgē valapu || koṇḍalō ||

vuṇḍalēka ippuḍunī voddaku nē rāgānu
koṇḍavale maraduṇḍe kōpagiñcuka
boṇḍumalle parapupai poralēṭi yiṭṭi nannu
koṇḍala rāyuṇḍa ninnu kūḍiñce nāvalapu || koṇḍalō||

As the cuckoo cooed on the hill,
my heart broke as it were;
when I reached there,
my life got restored instantly.
Myself having loved,
searched and tried to meet you -
like a tiger, stood on the way – my husband,
not allowing me to proceed;
as I thought of it, my head having ached
the whole body gave goose – pimples
and my love left all shame!
When I sneaked out of home eluding of inmates
my child - ling started crying making me motionless;
Unable to grope in gloom
and grieved for a considerable time,
like a swarm of ants,
love seemed to have sieged my whole body!
unable to bear the loneliness,
myself having come to meet you
confronted I am
with my husband's younger brother,
now standing tall with anger, like a hill;
me, now rolling
in a bed of full blown jasmines,

my love made me unite with you,
oh Lord of the seven hills!

22

nākuñjepparē

vāgadhīśvari rāgaṃ *tripuṭatāḷaṃ*

nākuñjepparē valapu nalupō telupō
nūkipōvagarādu nuyyō, koṇḍō *// nākuṃ//*

polati! maruniki veravu puliyō yelugō
uluku tummeda mrōta urumō merumō
tilakampu candanamu tēlō pāmō
elami kōyilakūta ēdō pōdō *// nākuṃ//*

podalina caligāli pogayō vagayō,
vadalina kannīru vāgō vaṅkō..
udaramuna pannīru uḍukō miḍukō
eduṭa talavañcukonu ṭeggō siggō *// nākuṃ//*

asamaśarunipai parapuṭaḍanōpaḍanō
pasagaladāni mōvi pañcadārō tēnō
asamagativānirāka āṭō pāṭō
rasikuvēṅkaṭēśupondu rājyamō lakṣmō *// nākuṃ//*

Won't you tell me my dear friends
whether love is black or white
can't be crossed like a well or a hill!

Woman! does the contrivance of god of love
comprise a tiger or a bear?
Is the terrific buz of the bee
a thunder or a lightning?
And the sandal spot on the forehead
a scorpim or a snake?
Is the call of Spring time Cuckoo
a porcupine or a thorny bush?
Is the cool breeze over the creeper
a smoke or sob-stuff?
Is the ice water released
a hill stream or hill spring
Does the ice water in the abdomen
rise to a boiling point or a total wave?
Does bowing my head in his presence
expose my guilt or bashfulness?
Does the handiwork of the lover's five arrows
make it miss or hit the bull's eye
or convert her tasty lip into sugar or honey?

Do his odd visits make for play or song?
Is union with veṅkaṭēśa,
sovereign power or unique prosperity?

23

taruṇipai maruniki

dhēnuka rāgaṃ | **ādi tāḷaṃ**

taruṇipai maruniki dayalēdu, nīvu
maruninē pōliti mariyēṭi braduku || taruṇipai ||

yeduru cūci cūci, yintaka yēmaunō
hridayamu jhallanī ninudalacī
podalatīgalayiṇṭa poraliyēmaunō
madirākṣikokaṭaina mariyēṭi braduku || taruṇipai ||

celulu dūri dūri siggunanēmaunō
talaci talaci guṇḍe talladiñcīni..
kalaninnu ganilēci grakkuna nēmauno
malasivennela maṇṭa mariyēṭi braduku || taruṇipai ||

yintiṅgalayakunna nikayentayaunō
pantapuveṅkaṭarāyā bhayamayyīni
yintanī karuṇa nika yentayaunō
mantana miṇṭalēkunna mariyēṭi braduku || taruṇipai ||

God of love is not kind to this young woman
you resemble the love god very much;
but then what hope of life?
Having awaited for long
what is happening when the heart throbbed
at the very thought of you.
In the creepers, houses of bowers and bushes
having rolled in pangs of lusty loneliness,
If anything happened to the desiring eyes
having quarreled with her maids
what will happen to her in shyness?
The heart gets distressed having thought too often?
Having seen you in a dream
what will happen to her?
While moonlight burns her,
is there any hope to live?
If you don't meet the young woman,
veṅkaṭrāya *and take cudgels,*
what will happen?
It you don't extend your grace,
and no messenger to go between,
is there any hope for her to live?

24

satyabhāma

pāḍi rāgaṃ *āditāḷaṃ*

satyabhāma sarasapu nagavu
nityamu hari madinē nelavāye

rukumiṇi dēviki rūpu yavvaniki?
sakala vibhavamula saukhyatalu
cikurāmbaramuna cedarina yalakala
vikacābja mukhamu vēyi vēlāye *// satya //*

toḍavula śrīsati tolu meṟuṅgulamai
naḍupula muripepu nagumōmu,
taḍayaka vāridhi daccina hariki,
baḍalika bāpanu paramambāye *// satya //*

anudinamunu nī alamēlu maṅga
kanuṅgava jaṅkena garvamulu,
dina, dinambulu tiru veṅkaṭapati
canavula sobagula sampadalāye *// satya //*

satyabhāma's lovely sweet smile

etched forever in the heart of Hari.

To rukmiṇi dēvi , a youthful beauty,

happiness of all kinds, of prosperity

are seen in her forelocks,

in a thousand ways.

Through the upper cloth covering her locks

spread over her head

made her face like thousand lotus petals

With her ornaments and her smiling face,

showering bewitching beauty on

hari who churned the milky ocean

without a break was able to recover from his fatigue.

Every day, pride, thrown out through

the jerking movements of the pair of eyebrows,

rich in elegance of beauties

provided by alamēlu maṅga,

became treasures of beauty

enjoyed by Lord vēṅkaṭapati.

25

bhōgi śayanamunu

bhūpālaṃ rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

bhōgi śayanamunu busakoṭṭeḍini
yōganidra pāyunu mēlkonavē // bhōgi //

kannulu teravaka kamala bāndhavuḍu
vennela rēṇuvu velaya didē.
annuva malasī naruṇōdaya midē
minnaka nīviṭu mēlukonavē // bhōgi //

tellani kannula teravaka viriyaga
ollaka jalajamu lunnavivē,
kalla nidura ninu kaliyaga nīyaka
mellanāye niṭu mēlu konavē // bhōgi //

teravagu reppala tellavāra vale,
teravaka cīkaṭi tīradidē!
teragu veṅkaṭādhipa nī verugudu
meṟugulu callucu mēlukonavē // bhōgi //

The serpentine couch blows air.

Enough with your yaugic sleep, why don't you arise?

Lord of lotus does not open his eyes.

Dust of moonlight is not manifested;

slowly is taking place, the sunrise,

it is for you to rise, O Lord,

the lotuses do not open their white eyes,

unable to blossom,

they do not allow you to get into feigning sleep.

So now arise o lord ?

The dawn must show the way in your eye lids

without your opening which,

O Lord, darkness doesn't disappear.

You know o Lord of vēṅkaṭa *hills the way*

Arise, arise, showering.

Brightness all over.

26

yiddara māḍuvāramu

saurāṣṭrarāgaṃ ādi tāḷaṃ

yiddara māḍuvāramu, yissī rōtā
voddika mālō mēmē votti navvitimirā? || yiddara||

pavvaḷiñci nīvū nēnū pānupupai nuṇḍagānu,
evvatō nīvaṇṭā nanu niṭulēperā
ravvagā nīvē nannu ratiki pilicēvaṇṭā
nevvaga kaugiliñciti nidura kannulanu || yiddara||

kalisi nīvunu nēnu kaugiliñcukuṇḍagānē
sudati nīvaṇṭā nanucōṭaḍigerā..
madana paravaśānā mari nīvaṇṭānāpe
vadanamuna viḍemu vaḍi nēniḍitinirā || yiddara||

muccaṭa nīvunu nēnu musugu veṭṭukuṇḍagānu
maccika nīvaṇṭā nātō māṭā ceppērā!
yiccakuṇḍa śrī vēṅkaṭēśuṇḍā nī vaṇṭānāpe
vaccinannu gūḍaṅgānu naḍuma nīvuṇṭivi || yiddara||

How disgusting
we both happened to be women;
getting used to it, between ourselves
we pressed each other
and laughed away!
After you and me rested on the bed,
some woman mistaking me for you,
woke me up,
patting me on the shoulder;
mistaking it was you
calling me for sport,
eyes heavy with sleep, and increased longing,
I spread my arms around!
Having united,
when we were in tight embrace
she asked me to move,
leaving a little space for her;
having lost myself in passion,
imagining your good person in her;
I quietly passed on
the chewing betel leaf into her mouth;
pleasantly when you and me
have covered ourselves from head to foot;
She talked to me, as if,
I were you, with all affection,
O beloved Venkatesa,
when she came and joined me,
it was actually your good self,
found between us two!!

27

mīda mīda valapekke

dēsāḷaṃ rāgaṃ

(dēvasāḷagaṃ) triśragati tāḷaṃ)

mīda mīda valapekke mēlumēlōyi
cīdara rēcēvunannu cellu lēvōyi //mīda mīda//

niddurō nivveragō, nēnēmō ceppagānu
voddanuṇḍē vūkonavū vōyimēlōyi
peddarikamo, bīramō, peṭṭi vīḍemaḍigitē
kaddanavū, lēdanavū, garvamēlōyi //mīda mīda//

kākalō vīkalō, kaḍunīvu navvinanu
mākuvale nunnāḍavu maṭakamaunōyi
vīkamō verapō, vēgama nē ceyivēsitē
kēkarinci mūligēvu gēliyēlōyi //mīda mīda//

āsalō vāsulō aṃḍa nēnu nilucuṇṭē
mīsulā kaugiliñcēvu mestilēvōyi,
bāsatō śrīvēṅkaṭēśa pantāna nanugūḍiti
vēsamulellātīrē vintalāyenōyī //mīda mīda//

Up and up rises my love for you,
Oh, well and good!

You rouse this entanglement
canceling all plaints!
Whether in sleep or stupor,
when I start narrating something,
your good-self lying by my side
would nod yes, well, and good!
Out of care or ego,
when I ask for a betel leaf
your response is neither positive
nor negative, why this pride?
In heat or high tension,
if I laugh too much,
you remain still like a log
why this mesmerism?
Due to my feminine blush or fear,
if I lay my hand on you,
you shout and groan.
Why mock at me?
With hope and fondness
when I stand near by you,
your embracing vacuum
rouses my admiration.
With a vow, śrīvēṅkaṭēśa,
You unite with me out of zeal.

All pretentions get fulfilled.
making strange things happen!

28

gandhamupūsē vēlē

vāgadhīśvarirāgaṃ *rūpaka tāḷaṃ*

gandhupūsē vēlē, kammani mēna yī
gandhamu nī mēni tāvikaṇṭe yekkuḍā *// gandhamu//*

addamu cūcēvēlē, appaṭappaṭikini
addamu nī mēmukaṇṭe aparūpamā
oddika tāmara viri ottēvu kannula
gaddari kannulakaṇṭe kamalamu ghanamā *// gandhamu//*

baṅgaru peṭṭēvēlē, paḍati, nīmeyininka
baṅgaru nī tanukāntiki pati vaccīnā
vuṅgarāleṭiki nī voḍikapu vēḷla
veṅgali maṇulu nī vēligōru bōlunā *// gandhamu//*

savaramēṭike jaḍiyu nī kurulaku
savaramu nī koppu sarivaccunā?
ivala javulu nīku nēla vēṅkaṭapati
savarani nī kemmōvi cavikaṇṭenā *// gandhamu//*

Why do you smear sandal paste
on your sweet mein?
Does this paste smell better than
your body's nascent scent?
Why do you peep so often into the mirror ?
Is the mirror's reflection more impressive
than your original face?
You go on pressing your eyes
with a lotus flower;
in what way is the lotus, better
than your luring eyes?
why do you wear gold
all over your body?
Does gold come on equal carat
with the glow of your mein?
Why do you wear rings
on your resourceful fingers?
Do these thoughtless gems
resemble your finger nails?
Why do you need a hair piece
to your thickly laid hair?
Does the hair piece equal the coiffure -
none of which sutisfies Lord vēṅkaṭapati
of your profuse natural hair?
Why do you need any outside taste
none of which satisfies Lord vēṅkaṭapati
than your ruby like lip?

29

appuḍē nīku mōhapālanaiti

sāmanta rāgaṃ ādi tāḷaṃ

appuḍē nē nīku mōhapālanaiti..
kappaku nī sētalantā kaṇṭibō nēnu || appuḍē||

iṃcukanta paniki gāni illucoranīka ninnu
lañcamu laḍugani laccumammanā?
vañcanala nīku niṭṭi valalañjikkitigāka
kañcupadanuna nantakaṇṭe bō nēnu || appuḍē||

solapu māṭala niṭṭe cūpula jaṅkiñci
calamu sādhiñcēṭi satyabhāmanā?
valaci nē nidē nīku vaśamayyitini gāka
kaliki sētala kantakaṇṭe bō nēnu || appuḍē||

rēpu māpu gōra tammi rēkulanē lēkhavrāsi
rūpunīku ceppipampa rukkumiṇinā?
tīpula ninnuṅgūḍi tiruvēṅkaṭēśa viri
kaipusēyagāni, aṃtakaṇṭe bō nēnu || appuḍē||

Even then, as long ago as,
when, I fell in love with you;
don't cover up your personal achievements
since I know more about them;

Am I lakṣmi who does not allow you to enter house
without asking a bribe even for small mercies?
Due to your cunning overtures,
I became a victim of your net of love.
Don't you think I am capable of
more in sharpness of bronze!
Having made you withdraw your stand
to get her passed of

Am I satyabhama,
to have taken you to task!!
I have loved and had been ensnared by you.
As for my womanly achievements,
I am more capable!
Any time having written a message of love
with a nail on a lotus leaf,

Am I Rukumini in the message,
describing the shape of things?

Having united with you,
in sweet errands, not getting excited,
am I not capable of more than that?

30

iṭṭi muddulāḍi bāluḍēḍavāḍu

ānandabhairavi rāgaṃ *triśragati tālaṃ*

iṭṭi muddulāḍi bālu ḍēḍavāḍu, vāni,
paṭṭi, tecci, poṭṭaniṇḍa pālu pōyarē // iṭṭi //

gāmiḍai pāruteñci kāgeḍi vennalalōna
cēmapūvu kaḍiyāla cēyiveṭṭi
cīmakuṭṭenani, tana, cekkiṭa kannīru jāra
vēmaru vāpōye vāni veḍḍuveṭṭarē // iṭṭi //

muccuvale vacci, tana muṅgaimurugula cēyi
taccēṭi perugulōna tagambeṭṭi,
noccenani cēyitīsi nōranella collugāra
vocceṭi vāpōvuvāni vūraḍiñcarē // iṭṭi //

eppuḍu vaccenō mā yillu jocci peṭṭelōna
cepparāni vuṅgarāla cēyiveṭṭi,
appuḍaina vēṅkaṭādri āsapālakuṇḍugāna
tappakuṇḍa peṭṭe vāni talaku nettarē // iṭṭi //

Such a pet child, wherever would he have gone,
catch, bring him and make him drink
a bellyful of milk.

Having run fast to the pots of butter
placed his hand in the flowers of 'cēma' roots;
with his cheeks becoming wet,
by shedding tears
crying that an ant has bitten his finger;
try to change his mind by some conceit.

Having sneaked slyly like a thief
and placed his hand into the pot
containing curds being churned,
taken out his hand saying that it was paining.
Console the child, who cries,
as saliva drops out of his mouth.
When he entered our house,
he pushed his palm into the box
decorated with the picture of Lord of veṅkaṭa hill,
who is all powerful,
the box for sure, may be raised and placed on his head!

31

alugaka kūṭami cavigādanucunu

bilahari rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

alugaka kūṭami cavigādanucunu palikēvu nī
valugaga prāṇamulēmaunō, ā mīdaṭi mēlevarikirā

//alugaka//

tanivi tīra nīmōmu tappaka kanugonuvēḷa
tanuvu paravaśamainantaṭa.. reppalu mūyunantalō
dinamulennaunō yanucu digulupaḍi, ninucūci
kanureppa marala mūyaga veraci yuṇḍu nātō *//alugaka//*

tamakamuna ninugavasi, tanuvu leḍayakayuṇḍi
amarakaugiṭa bigiyunāvēḷa
ramaṇamai kaṇṭhahāramu laḍḍamainayeḍa
bramasi yatidūramani bhāviñciyuṇḍu nātōḍa *//alugaka//*

ciluku rati galuga naggalamaina baḍalikala
alasi śrīkriṣṇāyani yakkupai pavaḷiñci
palukajālaka yuṇḍi bāsiyunna danagā
talaci madini paritāpa mandiyuṇḍu nātō *//alugaka//*

You have said

lover's union will not be enjoyable,
without collision.
If you collide, I do not know,
what will happen to my life,
for whom is the enjoyment there after.
While looking at your face without a blink,
when the body goes out of senses,
if I close my eye -lids for fear
that days, without count will pass off,
with me who desists closing the eyelids.
you have said
having united with you in passion,
if the bodies are not separated
at the time of tight embrace
if the ornaments in the neck come in the way,
with me, who imagines that
we are too distant from each other.
you have said that
in fatigue out of a well enjoyed game of love,
if I lie down on your chest too tired
to say even o Krishna
with me who is unable to talk,
when I feel desolate
you have said

Lovers union is not enjoyable without collision"

32

tollikalave yiviyu

pāḍirāgaṃ *khaṇḍagati (jhampe) tāḷaṃ*

tollikalave yiviyu, tolli tānu kalaḍe
kallayunu kāḍu, yidi kaḍu nijamu kādu || tollikalave||

kanuderacinantanē, kalugu nī jagamu
kanumūsinantanē kaḍuśūnyamaunu
kanureppa marugunane kalimiyunu lēmiyunu
tana manōbhāvanala dagili dōcīni || tollikalave||

talacinantane yenta davvayina gānpiñcu
ṭalapu maracina matiki daṭṭamau tamamu
polasi mati marugunane puṭṭuṭalu, pōvuṭalu
palu cañcala vikāra bhāvamī guṇamu || tollikalave||

mundu tāgaligitē mūḍulōkamulu gala
vendutā lēkuṇṭē nēmiyunulēdu.
aṃdiśrī vēṅkaṭēśu ḍātmalōnane vīḍe
kanduvala nitani saṅkalpamī panulu || tollikalave||

Were they existent earlier
was he there earlier?

This is not untrue, and not very much true.
The universe which comes into existence
when the eyes are opened becomes non-existent.
When the eyes are closed
Behind the eye lid,
existence and non-existence follow
and come into existence
in ones own mental perceptions.
As soon as thought starts functioning
however – much long perspective!

If thought is forgotten
mind gets into deep darkness.

Births and deaths occur only in the mind.
This is the outcome of many transient forms!
If one's self comes early into force
all the three worlds come!
If one's self is not there, nothing is there!

Sri vēṅkaṭēśa is in the soul,
these acts are his conceptions!

33

bhāramaina vēpamānu

dēvagāndhāri rāgaṃ rūpaka tāḷaṃ

bhāramaina vēpamānu pālupōsipeñcinānu
tīrani cēdēkāka tiyyanuṇḍēnā? || bhāramaina||

pāyadīsi kukkatōka baddaluveṭṭi bigisi
cāyaneṇta gaṭṭinānu cakkanuṇḍīnā
kāyapu vikāramidi kalakālamu ceppinā
pōyinapōkalēkāka, buddhi vinīnā? || bhāramaina||

muñcimuñci nīṭilōna mūlanāna beṭṭukonna
miñcina goḍḍali nēḍu mettanayyīnā?
pañcamahāpātakāla bāribaḍḍa cittamidi
dañcidañci ceppinānu tāki vaṅgīnā || bhāramaina||

kūrimitō tēludecci kōkalōna beṭṭukona
sāre sāre kuṭṭukāka, cakkanuṇḍīnā?
vērulēni mahimala vēṅkaṭavibhunikūpa
ghōramaina āsamēlukōrasōkīnā || bhāramaina||

A very heavy neem tree,
I have nurtured pouring milk.
Will it taste sweet at all
being very bitter irretrievably!
Breaking a bamboo into two,
holding a dog's tail however tight
one binds the disorderly nature
the body cannot be corrected!!

An axe immersed in water, ever so many times,
does not make the big axe any soft!

The mind which is thrown to the five great sins,
does not bend, even after pounding it with a mortar!

Having brought a scorpion with affection,
you cover it in the folds of a long saree cloth,
it goes on stinging with its tail,
but will not keep quiet!

Even if one desires with great hope,
for the common welfare,
through the kindness of Lord Venkatesa,
will the desire get fulfilled?

34

dibbalu veṭṭucu tēlinadidivō

kāmbhōji rāgaṃ — *āditāḷaṃ*

dibbalu veṭṭucu tēlinadidivō
ubbunīṭipai nokahaṃsā *|| dibbaya||*

anuvuga kamala vihārame nelavai
vonarivunnadide vokahaṃsā
maniyeḍi jīvula mānasa sarasula
vunikinunnadide vokahaṃsā *|| dibbaya||*

pālu nīru nērparaci pālalō p
nōlalāḍenide vokahaṃsā.
pālupaḍina yī paramahaṃsamula
vōlinunnadide vokahaṃsā *|| dibbaya||*

taḍivi rōmarandhrambula gruḍlanu
uḍugaka podivī nokahaṃsā.
kaḍuvēḍuka vēṅkaṭagiri mīdaṭa
oḍalu peñcenide noka haṃsā *|| dibbaya||*

Creating sand dunes

here is a swan floating above the swelling water

conveniently having a resting place, in a lotus grove.

There is taking rest another swan!

In the lakes of mānasa of living beings

lives there another swan.

Having distinctly separated milk and water,

another swan goes on dipping in milk!

Like the supreme spiritual swans specifying milk and water,

lives there another swan!

One swan goes on laying eggs

without any respite

through the feather cavities and

on the sacred vēṅkaṭa hill,

Here is another swan that builds up the body!

35

vinnapālu vinavale

bhūpāla rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

vinnapālu vinavale vinta vintalu
pannagapu dōmatera paikettavēlayyā // *vinnapālu*//

tellavāre jāmekke dēvatalu, munulu
allanalla nantaninta nadivōvārē,
callani tammirēkula sārasapu kannulu
mellamellane vicci mēlu konavēlayyā // *vinnapālu*//

garuḍa kinnara yakṣa kāminulu, gamulai
virahapu gītamula vintālapāla
paripari vidhamula pāḍēru ninnadivō
sirimogamu teraci cittagimpavēlayyā // *vinnapālu*//

poṅkapu śēṣādulu, tumburunāradulu
paṅkajabhavādulu nī pādālu cēri
aṃkela nunnāru vēci alamēlumaṅganu
vēṅkaṭēśuḍā kannulu vicci, cūci lēvayyā // *vinnapālu*//

Humble submissions are there to be heard, of strange topics,
Why don't you raise your serpentine mosquito curtain!!

It has dawned; three hours after sunrise,
the divine beings and sages,
are near and around, here, they are there,

Opening cool lotus like eyes slowly,
why don't you rise out of sleep?

The women of the garuḍa, kinnera and yakṣa origin,
in groups, engage you by singing love songs
of strange melodic variations!

Why don't you open your bright eyes
and listen to the submissions!

Sesha and other members of your retinue
tumbura, nārada and others like the Lotus-born brahma,
having gathered near your sacred feet;
all await around you;
along with alamēlumaṅga!

Why don't you open your eyes and arise?

36

anarādu, vinarādu

śailadēśākṣi rāgaṃ ādi tāḷaṃ

anarādu, vinarādu atani māyalu nēḍu
dinadina kottalāya, driṣṭamide māku || anarādu||

āḍeḍi bālura aṃgili cūpumani,
tōḍane vāṇḍla nōra dummulu callī!
īḍamātō ceppagānu, iṃdaramu kūḍipōyi,
cūḍabōtē pañcadārai cōdyamāyanammā || anarādu||

tīṭa tīgalu sommaṇṭā dēhamuniṇḍā gaṭṭe
tīṭaku gāka bāluru - tegivāpōgā
pāṭiñci yī suddi vini pārutenci cūcitēnu
kōṭi kōṭi sommulāya kottalōyammā || anarādu||

kāki junnu junnulaṇṭā gampeḍēsi tinipiñcī
vākolipi bālulellā vāpōvagā
ā kaḍa śrīvēṅkaṭēśu ḍā bālula kaṇṭinīru
jōkaga mutyālu sēse cūḍagānammā || anarādu||

One cannot speak or hear about his
enchanting tricks, today.
They become new by the day,
we have witnessed them.

He goes to the playing boys
and asks them to show their palate;
when they open their mouths,
throws dust into the mouths, they tell us here;
when we all go to see,
dust becomes sugar, making it a miracle.

Itching creepers are passed off
for money plants and he ties them to the playing boys;
and when they cry about itching,
we come to know of this and
when we all go to see, all the itching creepers
are turned into crores of money plants.

Saying, crow cheese is sweet,
he made the boys eat basketfuls of crow cheese
when the boys start crying,

Lord veṅkaṭēśa turns
the flowing tears of the crying boys to pearls.

37

kulukaka naḍavarō kommalālā

dēsāḷaṃ (dēśavarāḷi) rāgaṃ — *ādi tāḷaṃ*

kulukaka naḍavarō kommalālā;
jalajalā rālini jājulū māyammaku *|| kulukaka||*

oyyanē mēnugadalī oppugā naḍavarō
gayyāḷi śrīpādatāku kāntalārā
pạyyeda ceragū jārī bhārapū gubbalamīdā
ayyō cemariñcī māyammakū nennudurū *|| kulukaka||*

callēṭī gandavoḍi mai jārīni niluvarō
pallakī paṭṭina muddu paḍatulārā
mollamaina kundanampu mutyāla kuccūladara
ghallanucu kaṅkaṇālu kadalī māyammaku *|| kulukaka||*

jamaḷī mutyāla tōḍī jammāḷige liḍarō
ramaṇiki maṇulā āratulettarō,
amariñcī kaugiṭa alamēlu maṅganide
samakūḍe vēṅkaṭēśvaruḍu mā ammaku *|| kulukaka||*

Walk without being coquettish
Oh women of the village!
The jasmines in mother's hair-do
are raining like
showers of water fall!

Walk correctly so that the body
moves in the air in an erect manner;
O women, the termagant touch of
mother earth's rich foot is unpredictable;
The upper cloth on her heavy breast is slipping,
alas, perspiration wets our mother's forehead !
The sandal powder is dropping from off her body.

O beloved women holding the palanquin !
As bunches of pearls of golden hands
the bracelets of mother are noisily shading
with pairs of pearl hangers !

Present her with a hārati *of gems shedding bright light,*
as we are waving burning camphor offering to mother;
alamēlumaṅga *is being hugged into an embrace;*

vēṅkaṭēśvara *is getting united with our mother -*
Don't walk in a coquetish manner!

38

idigō mā yajñānamu

dēsāḷaṃ (dēvasāḷagaṃ) rāgaṃ *triśragati tāḷaṃ*

idigō mā yajñānamu, eppuḍunū sahajamē
kadisi, nīvē mammu karuṇimpavayyā *|| idigō ||*

talli caṅkanunnabiḍḍa, tamitō cannutāgutā
ollaṇḍu, taṇḍriyettu konabōtēnu
malladi nī māyalō maragina jīvamulamu
mellane mī sēvajēsi mimmu jērajālamu *|| idigō ||*

rekkala marugu pakṣi rekkalakindanē kāni,
yekkadu vaddanē mēḍa yentavunnanu,
pakka janmamettina prapañcapu jīvulamu
yekkuḍaina vaikuṇṭhamu idi gōrajālamu *|| idigō ||*

nīṭilō vuṇḍēṭi kappa nīṭilōnē vuṇḍugāni
vūrakē parapumīda vuṇḍadentainā
ārayasaṃsāramulō ajñānapu jīvulamu
bōrana śrīvēṅkaṭēśa buddhi ceppivāvavē *|| idigō ||*

Here is our ignorance, always natural
You alone, having joined us
be pleased to be gracious!

The child in the lap of his mother
sucking at her breast
refuses to go to his father
when he wants to lift him in to his arms
We are being nurtured in the career of enchantment
having slowly served you, we can't reach you.
The birdling hiding
behind the parent's feathers always
sticks on to the shade of the wings,
but does not assend the palace,
however much high it is.
We the beings of the universe
having been born,
can never hope to desire for vaikuṇṭhaṃ
Which is on a higher plane!
The frog living in water
remains only in water,
does not like to stay on a bed of feathers!

O Lord, vēṅkaṭēśa protect us ! raising your voice
Teach us a lesson !

39

nallanimēni nagavu cūpulavāḍu

nāṭa rāgaṃ *triśragati ēkatāḷaṃ*

nallanimēni nagavu cūpulavāḍu
tellani kannula dēvuḍu *// nallani //*

birusaina danujula pīcamaṇacinaṭṭi
tirupukaiduvu tōḍidēvuḍu,
saribaḍḍa jagamella cakkajāyaku teccu
teruvu cūpinṭṭi dēvuḍu ! *// nallani //*

nīṭagalisi naṭṭi ninḍina caduvulu
tēṭaparicinaṭṭi prāṇuladuritapu
pāṭimālinaṭṭi prāṇuladuritapu
tīṭa māpinaṭṭi dēvuḍu *// nallani //*

gurutu veṭṭagarāni guṇamula nelakonna
tiruveṅkaṭādripai dēvuḍu,
tiramuga dhruvuniki divyapadamunicci
teracirājannaṭṭi dēvuḍu *// nallani //*

Blue-black body, smiling look,

the God of white eyes!!

One who suppressed the arrogance

of evil demons, with the discus!

One who brought the universes

into order.

Bringing order into the world

and having brought into a peaceful shade

the God, who had shown the path

for the same

Got the Vedas retrieved out of waters;

God who removed

the sinful itch of living beings!

He is the god on the hill of Venkatadri

with unrecognizable ideal virtues!

He is verily the God who drove away

Dhruva to the position of a Pole-star

and check-mated many other stars!

40

lakṣmīkalyāṇamu līlatō bāḍēmu

āhiri rāgaṃ

lakṣmī kalyāṇamu līlatō pāḍēmunēmu!
lakṣmī nārāyaṇulē lalanayu nīvunu || lakṣmī ||

cūpulu, cūpulu, mīku sūsakamu bāsikamu,
pūpa cannugubbalivi pūjakuṇḍalu!
tīpula mōvitēnelu tīrani madhuparkamu
dāpuga peṇḍli yāḍarayya tagundagumīkunu || lakṣmī ||

māṭalu mīkiddariki madana mantramulu,
mēṭitalambrālumīlō miṇṭa navvulu.
gāṭamaina pulakalu kappuravasantālu,
nīṭuna beṇḍlāḍarayyā neravēmimīkunu || lakṣmī ||

kāṅgili kāṅgili mīku kanduva peṇḍli cavike
poṅgina kōrikale pāvakoraḷlu,
āṃgina śrīvēṅkaṭēśa, alamēlu maṅgā nīvu
vīṅgaka peṇḍlāḍarayyā vēḍukāyemīkunu || lakṣmī ||

We sing with pleasure the traditional
song of lakṣmī's wedding.
Girl ! you are both lakṣmī and nārāyaṇa !
The glances of the bride-groom
are screwed in to the hair-do of the bride
as her golden-head wear Soosakam construed
the turmeric smeared thread of pearls, bāsikam
to be tied around the bride-groom's forehead ;
her small, up - coming breasts
are to be deemed as pots of worship.
The honey taken out of the lips of the couple
serves as the sweet ceremonial drink
fulfilling the service of madhuparka !
Have the wedding performed
most appropriate for such pair like, you two.
Whatever you talk to each other
are incantations of madana, the god of love!
Smiles of heavenly visitors in the sky
serve as the sacred rice
thrown by each on the other's head,
hair rising on ends will make up for
camphorated showers of `holi water.
Nothing is too much for you, than getting married.
The marriage pendal
provides the mutual embrace, to you;
the spate of desires makes you go
to walk in wooden sandals
as the new bridal couple.

You, Lord veṅkaṭēśa and alamēlumaṅga,
get married to fulfill your great pleasure..!

41

kommatana mutyāla koṅgu jāraga

āhiri rāgaṃ | khaṇḍagati tāḷaṃ

komma tana mutyāla koṅgu jāraga, pagaṭu
kummarimpucu teccukonnadī valapu || komma||

oyyāramuna vibhuni vorapu ganugonireppa
muyyanēraka mahāmuripemunanu
kayyampu gūṭamiki kāludravvucu nelata
koyyatanamuna teccukonnadīvalapu || komma||

paipaine āragimpakumu pannīru kaḍu
tāpamavunani celulu talakagāne
tōpu sēyucu kemputolaku kannulakosala
kōpagimpucu teccukonnadī valapu || komma||

yeppuḍunu patitōḍa nintēsi mēlamulu
oppavani celi gōra nottagāne
yeppuḍō tiruvēṅkaṭēśu kāgiṭa gūḍi
koppu gulukucu teccukonnadī valapu || komma||

This love has been acquired

hurling over layers of beauty of the woman,

when her pearl-studded upper part

of the sari slipped away from her arm!

Having found out the steadiness of the Lord,

unable to close the eyelids

with special appeal in approaches

making plans for a quarrel

with pretended frigidity ,

she assumed this love!

As the maids, advise her

not to take ice-water unnecessarily,

as it would increase the heat;

just ignoring the advice,

with the eyes getting reddened in the corners,

with rising anger, she acquired this love!

In indicating never to entertain jokes with the Lord,

when the maid pressed on the body with her nail,

sometime, having joined Lord veṅkaṭēśa *in his embrace,*

along with the dalliance of the hair-do

in the love game she acquired this love!!

42

mōvula civurula cimmula vēdamu

varāḷi rāgaṃ — *ādi tāḷaṃ*

mōvula civurala cimmula vēdamu
āvula mandalalō loni vēdamu // mōvula //

mañcamupai cadivēdi maravakumā
koñcepu lēbalukula kosavēdamu.
piñcepu śirasu tōḍa pinnanāḍē cadivina
tuñci tuñcina māṭala toluvēdamu // mōvula //

callalammē golletala cakkaṭi jaṅkenalaku
gollapalle lōna dorakonnavēdamu..
talli biḍḍalanaka yindarikokka vāvigā
pilla grōvi nēripina penu vēdamu // mōvula//

paṅkaja bhavādula baḍibaḍi cadiviñcē
laṅkelu celagina melapuvēdamu,
vēṅkaṭanagamu mīda velayanindira gūḍi
koṅkakacadivina cokkulavēdamu! // mōvula//

The scripture of
sproutlings of lips thrown away;
The same scripture
heard in the herds of cattle!
Don't forget reading on the couch,
the final scripture
of little youthful words
with the peacock feather on the head
whatever you read
in your adolescent days,
the earliest scripture
of the broken pieces of words,
with jerks of beautiful eye - brows
of curd selling cowherd women.
The scripture
which you came across
in the cowherd villages
Without any distinction
between mother and child
the great scripture
which taught the playing
of the primordial music of the flute;
The scripture
which made the creator brahma
read over and over again:
having joined indira, *on the hill of* veṅkaṭēśa,
the scripture of union of souls
which made you read
without any hesitation.

43

duppaṭellā javvādinē doppadōgē

māḷavaśrī rāgaṃ　　　　rūpaka tāḷaṃ

duppaṭellā javvādinē toppadōge nīkaḍanē
voppadā yintēsi nīku vōhō (valapā)　　|| duppaṭellā||

uttalapu virahāna uḍukucu vayasu mī
dettinadi satinīku nindukorakā!
vattunani viccēsi, vanitala kucamula
vottigili vunnāḍavō vōhō (valapā)　　|| duppaṭellā||

nidura kaṇṭiki rāka nelatapānupumīda
yeduru cūcī nīku nindu korakā!
muditala kaugiṭa muñcina kastūri nīku
vudireḍivuramuna vōhō (valapā)　　|| duppaṭellā||

kannula kalikininta karagiñci kavuṅgiṭa
yennika sēsitivinī vindukorakā!
cinna cinna nagavula śrīvēṅkaṭēśa nī
vunnāḍa vorapulai vōhō (valapā)　　|| duppaṭellā||

The whole blanket is lolling
with you in the sweet smell of a civet cat;
is this not enough with you, O Love!

Suffering from urging pangs of separation,
her dedication of herself to you
is it for sake of this?
Having promised to visit her
you have come round
only to be found to have reclined
on the breasts of other women
o Love! With no wink of sleep,
does the woman
await your arrival for this?
Does not the civet fragrance
of many young women
permeate from your chest and limbs, O love!!
Having made the wide eyed woman's heart
pine for you and selected her for your embrace,
is it all for this?

O Lord veṅkaṭēśa !
you entertain small smiles
for wining over such bewitching beauty,
O Love!

44

ekkaḍi mānuṣa janmaṃ bettina phalamēmunnadi

bauḷi rāgaṃ *rūpaka tāḷaṃ*

ekkaḍi mānuṣa janmaṃ bettina phalamēmunnadi
nikkamu ninnē nammiti nī cittambikanu *|| ekkaḍi ||*

maravanu āhārambunu maravanu saṃsārasukhamu
maravanu yindriya bhōgamu mādhava nī māya.
maraceda sujñānambunu maraceda tatvarahāsyamu
maraceda guruvunu daivamu mādhava nī māya
||ekkaḍi||

viḍuvanu pāpamu puṇyamu viḍuvanu nā durguṇamulu
viḍuvanu mikkili yāsalu viṣṇuḍa nī māya.
viḍiceda ṣaṭkarmambulu, viḍiceda vairāgyambunu
viḍiceda nācārambunu viṣṇuḍa nī māya *|| ekkaḍi||*

tagileda bahulampaṭamula tagileda bahubandhambulu
tagulanu mōkṣapu mārgamu talapuna nentainā
agapaḍa śrī vēṅkaṭēśvara aṃtaryāmivai
naginagi nanu nī vēliti nākā yā māya *|| ekkaḍi||*

Whence can one get
a human birth and what is the fruit of it ?
It is true; I have faith in you alone,
hence all is your will!!
I do not forget food,
do not forget happenings at home,
I do not forget enjoyment of senses
mādhava! *it is all your play !*
I forget good knowledge,
I forget the secret of philosophy,
I forget my teacher and God,
mādhava! *it is all your play !*
I do not give up sin and virtue,
I don't give up my traits of character;
I do not give up my avaricious nature,
Vishnu, it is all your pleasure!
I give up all the six duties of a smārta,
I give up all traditional rules of conduct
viṣṇu, *it is all your pleasure!*
I bind myself to my lecherous habits,
to my many mundane connections;
I don't get entangled
in the way to salvation, in my thought, even a little!
Be pleased to appear in vision.
I will not be controlled
by your displeasures!

45

jagaḍapu janavula jājara

hindōḷavasanta rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

jagaḍapu janavula jājara,
saginala mañcapu jājara *|| jagaḍapu||*

mollala turumula muḍicina parapuna
mollapu sarasapu muripemunā
jallana buppoḍi jāraga patipai
callē rativalu jājara *|| jagaḍapu||*

bhārapu kucamula paipai gaḍu
srigāramu nerapeḍi gandavoḍi,
cēruva patipai cindaga paḍatulu
sāreku jallēru jājara *|| jagaḍapu||*

biṅkapu gūṭami penageṭi cemaṭala
paṅkapu pūtala parimaḷamu
veṅkaṭapatipai veladulu niñcēru
saṅkumadambula jājara *|| jagaḍapu||*

The festival of Spring,
presents, love, quarrels, indulgences and
playfully teasing each other,
throwing colored water, sandal paste, flowers and all.
The festival of omens
of a couch on the bed,
where in jasmine petals and
flower dust and rose colored water
thrown against each other
by the Lord and the women,
in the jājara.
The sandal powder
beautifying the heavy breasts,
the women throw colored water
and sandal powder on the Lord,
as part of the jājara.
In the perspiration of sport
between the contestants,
the women throw
the fragrant content of conches
as part of the festival of jājara.

46

kalalōne yiruvuramu aligi

mukhāri rāgaṃ — *ādi tāḷaṃ*

kalalōne yuruvuramu aligi, vēga
kalayanucu telisi, ninu kaugiliñcitirā // kalalōne//

alugudurē satulumbatulanagā vinaṅga
alavāṭu lēkanē alugu cuṇḍudurā
aligitaṭa vuraka, nīvanta nātōḍa mari
alugulēnaṭa pūvu lantalōpalanē // kalalōne// //

canduruṇḍē sūryuḍai jaragamigula
ḍendammulavura nāraṅgēludōyi
gandamē tōcenaṭa kastūriyanaganā
candamavudokalāgu candamavunaṭarā // kalalōne//

viṭavaruḍa kōnēṭi vibhuḍanī
viṭudolaṅgina dēhameṭula nilupudurā
yiṭu valene manalōna nēla mī maraci
taṭukunanugalayanucu talaci telisitirā // kalalōne//

In a dream we both seem to have had a brawl,
quickly knowing it to be a dream
I embraced you my dear!

I am not used to hear about brawls of loving couple;
when you became angry with me
flowers became arrows in no time;
in the dream, the moon has become the sun
and my pair of hands became red lotuses,
sandal paste appeared to be musk;
can the way I suffer
be described in any manner?
The best of the vita,
the Lord of the temple lake
if you leave me like this
how can I sustain this body with life?
In the manner
whatever happened between us,
having forgotten.

Once I instantly having known to be a dream,
I came to senses due to my fear!

47

veli nuṇḍi lōnuṇḍi, veliti gākuṇṭe

kāmbhōji rāgaṃ | khaṇḍagati (jhumpe) tāḷaṃ

velinuṇḍi lōnuṇḍi, veliti gākuṇṭe
velilōnu, palumāru vedakēve gāli || velinuṇḍi ||

paṇḍu vennelalakunu prāṇamagu gāli,
niṇḍu kolakulalōna nelakonna gāli,
boṇḍumallelatāvi poḍavaina gāli,
eṃḍamāvulabōli tēlayyagāli || velinuṇḍi ||

krommāvi cavikelō koluvuṇḍu gāli,
tammirēkula tēne trāgēṭi gāli,
immaina caluvalaku iravaina gāli,
grummarimpucu veṇḍi kurisēṭi gāli || velinuṇḍi ||

tiruveṅkaṭādripai tiramaina gāli,
suratāntamula janula cokkiñcu gāli,
toragu payyedalalō dūrēṭi gāli,
virahārtulanu ninta vēcakuve gāli || velinuṇḍi ||

When there is no vacuum
from within or without

Why do you search so many times, O wind
the air, which is life, for the full bloom moon – light,
the air, that is installed in the over - flowing lakes!
The tall lingering air in the fragrance of jasmines
why do you resemble a mirage O air!
The air that holds court in the square of young mango grove!
The air that drinks the honey out of the lotus petals!
The air that is the dwelling place of pleasing coolnesses,
the air that showers, silver in a hurling manner!
The air which is steady at the hill of tiru vēṅkaṭa !
The air that makes the lovers
forget themselves in the enjoyable unions
the air that sneaks
into the disheveled garments of the beloveds.

O air, don't harass, please,
those who suffer from loneliness!!

48

vorapō merapō voyyaramō

ābhēri rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

vorapō, merapō, voyyaramō nīku
veratumayya gōvinduḍā *|| vorapō ||*

kapaṭamō nijamō karuṇayō, kōpamō
vupacāramō vupatāpamō!
nipuṇata tanapai neyyamu sēsēvu
viparītamu gōvinduḍā! *|| vorapō ||*

nanuvō, nagavō, nayamō, priyamō
canavō, calamō, sarasamō
kanukūrimiyō, gayyaḷi tanamō
venutagilēvu gōvinduḍā! *|| vorapō ||*

maṅkō, marulō, madamō, mudamō,
jaṅkō, laṅkō, jagaḍamō,
śaṅkalēka nanu sarigava gūḍiti
vēṅkaṭagiri gōvinduḍā!! *|| vorapō ||*

Is it friction, lightning or dallying
ō gōvinda, we are afraid to get at the truth!!

Craftiness, truth, grace, anger
flattery, compliment or distress,
out of skillfulness, you may exercise companionship,
ō gōvinda, is it not contrary to expectation?

Perhaps with love, laughter, softness,
indulgence, craftiness, or sweet juicy nature
affection increasing at seeing each other,
with quarrelsome nature, ō gōvinda,
You seem to fall behind us!!

Stubbornness, love, passion
Pleasure, hesitancy, inseparable link
Or quarrel, you have joined me in union,
Without any hesitation,
ō gōvinda of vēṅkaṭagiri!!

49

vīthilōna nadēkadē viṣṇupadamu

lalita rāgaṃ | *rūpaka tāḷaṃ*

vīthilōna nadēkadē viṣṇupadamu,
ā desanē pāyakuṇḍu ādimūlamu // vīthi //

cūcēṭi cūpulakunu sūṭiyaina modalēdō,
ēci vinu kali marmamendu tākīnō,
vācavi cavulucūcē vaṇṭaśāla cōṭēdō!
ā cāyalanē vuṇḍu nādi mūlamu // vīthi //

pūpatalapōtalakunu puṭṭina yilladiyēdō,
paipai nūrpulu nilupaga cōṭēdō
māpula nidriñcuvēḷa maracēṭi cōṭēdō
ā poruganane uṃḍu nādimūlamu // vīthi //

nēricina vidyalellā niñcidācē cōṭēdō
kōrani yānandamu konayēdō
āraya śrīvēṅkaṭēśuḍāḍanē pāyaka yuṇḍu
āritēri nāta ḍita ḍādimūlamu // vīthi //

In the high way of open skies
there is the region of viṣṇu's domain.
In the same direction, the earliest source of
Universes does not change position a wee bit
Whatever is the straight beginning of
visions spread far and wide
where the secret of all that is heard reaches the end.
The kitchen where the foretaste
of every preparation of food is provided.
Around the corner there exists
the earliest source of all existence.
Whichever is the place of origin,
for thoughts of youthfulness
and whichever is the place for manifesting
top most layers of arability
whatever is the place we forget .
When sleep over-takes us in the nights
in its neighbour-hood exists the earliest source.
The place where we fill and hide all
the pieces of knowledge
which is the last point of land
of undesired bliss;
Vēṅkaṭēśvara remains there without desertion
It is he who is the most accomplished original source!

50

viśvaprakāśunaku veliyēḍa lōnēḍa

rasikapriya rāgaṃ — *khaṇḍagati (jhampe) tāḷaṃ*

viśvaprakāśunaku veliyēḍa lōnēḍa,
śāśvatuna kūhimpa janmamika nēḍa // viśva//

sarva paripūrṇunaku sañcāramikanēḍa
nirvāṇamūrtikini nilayamikanēḍa
urvi dharunakunu kālūḍanoka cōṭēḍa
pārvati stutyunaku bhāvamikanēḍa // viśva//

nānā prabhuvunaku naḍumēḍa modalēḍa
ānana sahasrunaku navvalivalēḍa!
mauni hūdayasthunaku māṭēḍa palukēḍa
jñāna svarūpunaku kāna vinanēḍa // viśva//

paramayōgīndrunaku parulēḍa tānēḍa
durita dūrunaku saṃstuti nindalēḍa
tiruvēṅkaṭēśunaku divva vigrahamēḍa
hariki nārāyaṇuna kavugāmulēḍa // viśva//

For one who is the light of the universe
where is the question of outside and inside?

For what is eternal, where is
the question of birth?
For one who is all perfect
where is the question of moving from
hither and thither?
For one who carries the earth,
where is the place for laying his foot?
For one who is praised by pārvati
the universal mother,
where is the question of thought?
For one who is all powerful
where is the middle and where the beginning?
For one who is located in the hearts of the speechless sages,
where is the question of word or speech?
For one who is knowledge personified
where is the question of seeing or hearing?
For one who is a great lord of yōga
where is the question of self and others?
For one who is away from all sins
where is the question of praise or abuse!
Where is the question of a divine idol for Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara
Where is the question of being and not being
in the case of hari *and* nārāyaṇa?

51

iṭu garuḍani nī vekkinanu

garuḍadhvani rāgaṃ *ādi tāḷaṃ*

iṭugaruḍani nīvekkinanu
paṭapaṭa dikkulu baggana bagile // iṭu//

egasina garuḍani ēpuna dhāyani
jigi dolaka cabuku cēsinanu
nigamāntambulu nigamasaṅghamulu
gaganamu jagamulu gaḍagaḍa vaḍake // iṭu//

birusuga garuḍani pēremu tōlucu
berasi nīvu kōpiñcananu
sarusa nakhilamulu jarjaritamulai
tirupuna nalugaḍa diradira tirige // iṭu//

palliñcina nī pasiḍi garuḍanini
kelluna nī vekkinayapuḍu
jhallane rākṣasa samiti nī mahima
velli munuguduru veṅkaṭaramaṇā // iṭu//

When you mount on your eagle horse
and make him start flying,
all the cardinal directions reverberate thunderously.
If you lash, just once with your whip,
with the sound thā, at garuḍa
to make him fly in speed,
truths of life and universe,
and groups of scriptures,
the vault of heaven and universes,
tremble as it were in an earthquake!
While driving garuḍa,
if you get angry
all things that come in your way
get shattered, and go on
turning round and round!
When the golden garuḍa
zooms down to enable you to mount,
the hoards of rākṣasās
get stuck up in their hearts and
get drowned in the flood
of your super human powers,
O Lord, vēṅkaṭēśvara!

52

pālajalanidhilō bāyani

paḷamañjari rāgaṃ — *ādi tāḷaṃ*

pālajalanidhilō bāyani
nīla varṇuḍavaṭa nīvā yipuḍu — *|| pāla||*

vedacallu maṇulanu vēyipaḍagalanu
cedarani merugula śēṣunipai
mruduvu parupugā mellane poralucu
nidura vōduvaṭa nīvāyipuḍu — *|| pāla||*

parama munīndrulu padmabhavādulu
iruvaṅkala nutiyiñcaganu
araviri mōmuna nallana navveḍi
niratamūrtivaṭi nīvā ipuḍu — *|| pāla||*

pagaṭuna siriyunu paragina dharaṇiyu
bigiyucu naḍugulu pisukaganu
tagu vēṅkaṭagiri tanarucu celageḍi
nigamamūrtivaṭa nīvā yipuḍu — *|| pāla||*

Are you, the blue bodied divine power,
who never leaves the milky ocean,
Are you the divine lord
who sleeps ever slowly rolling
in the primordial serpentine bed
with unshaken shining brilliances
of your couch?

Are you the eternally smiling lord
whose face is like a half blossomed lotus,
whom the supersages and divine beings
like brahma, the lotus born stand,
praising, on either side!

Are you the lord of scriptures
whom, śrīdēvi with her matchless beauty
and bhūdēvi with unswerving love
serve, tightly pressing your feet!

53

arudī kapīndruni yadhikapratāpamu

māḷavi rāgaṃ | *ādi tāḷaṃ*

arudī kapīndruni yadhikapratāpamu
suralaku narulakī suddulendugalavā // arudī //

udayācalamu mīda nokkajaṅga cācukoni
uduṭuna naparādri nokkajaṅgacācukoni
tuda sūryamaṇḍalamu tōḍamōmu dippukoṇṭā
pedavuletti cadive pedda hanumantuḍu // arudī //

okka molagaṇṭa candru ḍokkamolagaṇṭa ravi
cukkalu molapūsalai cūpaṭṭagā
nikkina vālāgramandu niṇḍina brahmalōkamu
pikkaṭilla perigenu pedda hanumantuḍu // arudī //

piḍikiliñcina cēta birudula paṇḍla gola (gela)
taḍayaka kuḍicēta daśadikkulu
jaḍiyaka śrīvēṅkaṭēśvaruni mannanabaṇṭu
beḍidapu mahimala pedda hanumantuḍu // arudī //

Rare is the immense might
of this Lord of apes!
Can any one find any where
the like of him among the human or divine heroes?
One foot, stretched out
on the eastern mountain of sun rise
and the other on the western one of sunset
turning his face to the sun,
or sūryā's orb the
big hanumān opened his lips of the east and west
and had his knowledge through the moving sūrya!
With the moon tied to the bell
hanging from the waist belt,
and the sun to the other,
with the stars appearing
like the beads tied to the waist thread,
as Brahma hangs on
at the end of the tail,
the big hanumān expanded himself across the heaven!
Closed fist carrying a bunch of fruits,
a symbol of his prowess,
the right hand sweeping all the directions,
the fearless and honored servant
of Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara
the big hanumān is there, with his super powers!

54

sandaḍi sommulatōḍi sākaramide vīḍe

bhairavi rāgaṃ rūpaka tāḷaṃ

sandaḍi sommulatōḍi sākaramide vīḍe
yindaruvarṇiñcare yī rūpamu || sandaḍi ||

cukkalatō nākāśamu sūṭai niluvabōlu,
nikki ratnālajaladhi nīṭugābōlu,
mikkili nānāvarṇa mēghapaṅkti gābōlu,
yikkaḍanē nilucunna dīrūpamu || sandaḍi ||

niñcina pañcavannela nīlagiri gābōlu
aṃcala sandhyākāla madigābōlu!
ciñcakātani merugula cīkaṭidi gābōlu
yeñcaga nalavikādu yī rūpamu || sandaḍi ||

punnamayu, namāsayu pōgai niluvabōlu,
unnati yōgīndrula yūhagābōlu!
pannina brahmāṇḍāla bhariṇidi gābōlu,
yinniṭa śrīvēṅkaṭēśu yī rūpamu || sandaḍi ||

With a crowded assortment of attributes and ornaments
here is the lord in a concrete form;
have not all the foregone poets described this divine form?

The sky along with the stars
appears to be hanging straight!
The ocean, the storehouse of invaluable gems
is situated opposite!
The multicolored cluster of clouds
is perhaps an addition;
And this divine form
is standing very much here!!
And perhaps this is the darkness
of his brilliances untouched!
One cannot assess the hugeness
of this divine form!
In one heap, seems to have gathered
the 'full-moon' and the 'no-moon'
Perhaps it is the elevated conjecture
of the sages who are yogis!
It might be the casket
of rearranged universes
and this is the concrete divine form
of Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara

55

mokkarō mīru

mukhāri rāgaṃ trīśragati

mokkarō mīru mōsapōka - mīku
dikkudesaina ādidēvuniki!

māru cētulī yavaddu; mārugāllīyavaddu;
bīrāna guṇḍelu kōsi peṭṭavaddu;
gōrapaḍi cicculō gluṇḍālu coṟavaddu;
ūrikē mīvāramani unnajālu!! //mokkarō//

siḍidalaliyyavaddu, jīvāla campavaddu;
baḍibaḍi paggāla bāravaddu;
siḍimīda bittarapu cimmulu cimmagavaddu;
kaḍanuṇḍēkoṇḍadāri gannajālu //mokkarō//

baggana nekkaḍa ḍokka paḍunō yēmaravaddu;
baggipaḍḍa yamabādha paḍavaddu;
eggu sigguleka vēṅkaṭēśuni dāsulajēri
aggalapu pādarēṇuvaina jālu!! //mokkarō//

Don't you consecrate yourselves,
with any misgivings
to the ancient god, your guide and refuge;
don't give hands in exchange, nor legs in exchange,
don't make slices of your heart
offered in horror;
don't walk across red hot furnaces;
enough, you quietly dedicate yourselves;
don't chop off heads or hairs;
don't kill living beings
don't run away with ropes
having fallen down so often;
don't sprinkle horrifying sacrificial offerings;
enough, you cast a look
at the hill track from the lowest end;
don't be unmindful of
where your skeleton will fall;
no need to experience all the hell that
the ashes had to go through;
enough, without shame or hesitation
if one takes the company
of the devotees of vēṅkaṭēśvara.

56

sandekāḍa puṭṭinaṭṭi

ābhēri rāgaṃ triśragati

sandekāḍa puṭṭinaṭṭi cāyalapaṇṭa yenta
candamāya cūḍaramma candamāmapaṇṭa!!

munupa pālavelli molacipaṇḍina paṇṭa
ninupai dēvatalaku nicca paṇṭa!
gonakoni harikanugona cūpulapaṇṭa
vinuvīdhi negaḍina vennelala paṇṭa //sande//

valarāju pampuna valapuvittinapaṇṭa;
caluvai punnamināṭi jājara paṇṭa;
kalimikāminitōḍa kārukammina paṇṭa
malayucu tamalōni marrimānipaṇṭa!! //sande//

virahulaguṇḍelaku vekkasamainapaṇṭa
paragacukkalarāsi bhāgyamupaṇṭa!
arudaitūrupukoṇḍa nāragapaṇḍinapaṇṭa,
yiravai śrīvēṅkaṭēśuninṭilōni paṇṭa!! //sande//

Have a look at the harvest of moon!

the harvest of varying shades of dusk;

Once upon a time, the harvest got germinated

in the ocean of milk;

the pleasing eternal harvest of

the heavenly hordes!

It is the harvest of Hari's side long glances

harvest of moonshine on the highway of heaven!

It is the harvest of seeds of love;

cool liquid throwing at each other during

the full-moon night of Spring;

the harvest spreading the season along with

the dame of riches and the harvest of banyan seeds;

a surfeit to the hearts of lonely lovers;

the harvest of a heap of stars of wealth

the harvest, the outcome

of the eastern hill ; and verily

the harvest home of Lord vēṅkaṭēśa*!*

57

ūrikipōyē vōtaḍa!

ūrikipōyēvōtaḍa, kaḍu
cēruvateruvēḍi celagumī!! // ūriki //

eḍamateruvu vaṅkakēgina doṅgalu
toḍabaḍa kōkalu dōcēru.
kuḍiteruvunakēgi koṭṭuvaḍaka mañci
naḍimiteruvunane naḍuvumī.. // ūriki //

aḍḍapu teruvula naṭuniṭu cuṭṭālu
veḍḍuveṭṭucuninnu vēcēru!
goḍḍērē cinnidiḍḍiteruvupōka
doḍḍa teruvuvaṅka tolagumī!! // ūriki //

koṇḍateruvukēgi koñcepu sukhamula
baṇḍai tirugucu baḍalēvu;
aṃḍanuṇḍeḍi paramātmuni tirumala
koṇḍateruvu tēkuvanēgumī!! // ūriki //

Wayfarer, on to the neighboring village,
go through the nearest highway and enjoy
If you go towards the left,
robbers will rob off clothes.
Having gone to the right,
without getting beaten up,
walk though the middle road!
In the cross roads on either side
relatives will try
to change your mind and harass;
don't you go though the wicket gate
go out via the head gate.
you get tired of small comforts
on the hill- road
roaming about like a chiseled round stone.
Take turn
on to the hill road of Lord vēṅkaṭēśa*!*

58

saḍibeṭṭe kaṭakaṭā

bhairavi rāgaṃ khaṇḍagati

saḍibeṭṭe kaṭakaṭā saṃsāramu - cūḍa
jaladhi lōpali yīnta saṃsāramu!! // saḍi //

jamunōrilō braduku saṃsāramu - cūḍa
camuru dīsina divve saṃsāramu!
samayiñcu benudevulu saṃsāramu - cūḍa
samarambulōnuniki saṃsāramu!! // saḍi //

sandi gaṭṭina tāḍu saṃsāramu - cūḍa
sandikantala trōva saṃsāramu!
canduruni jīvanamu saṃsāramu - cūḍa
candamēvale nuṇḍu saṃsāramu!! // saḍi //

caluva lōpalavēḍi saṃsāramu - cūḍa
jalapūta baṅgāru saṃsāramu!
ilalōna diruvēṅkaṭēśa nī dāsulaku
caluvalaku gaḍu jaluva saṃsāramu!! // saḍi //

Alas, the daily life of the citizen
has been brought to such disrepute;
as one witnesses
it is like swimming in the sea!
The daily life of the citizen
is like living
In the open jaws of god of death;
as one witnesses,
it is a lamp without any oil;
it is a plague that kills
and living alive in the battle field of life!
It is like a rope that ties people
living in a family together and
as you see again and again,
it is a corridor
made out to bring
the wedded couple from place to place;
it is the moon's daily routine,
as one looks at,
it is like domestic life,
warm in cool waters
an electro plating of gold!
on the earth, O Lord vēṅkaṭēś*vara!*
to your devotees, it is a family
of coolnesses in warm temperatures!

59

talacina vinniyu

talacina vinniyu tanakorakē - veli
teliyuṭa tanalō teliyuṭa korakē //talacina //

udayamanduṭa bhavamuḍuguṭa korakē
caduvulu mēlu vicāriñcu korakē
bradukulu puruṣārtha paruḍauṭa korakē
yediriganuṭa tanneruguṭa korakē // talacina //

taguluṭa viḍivaḍa dalacuṭakorakē
noguluṭa karma manubhaviñcukorakē
ciguraụṭa kommayi celaguṭa korakē
begaḍuṭa duritamu peḍabāyukorakē //talacina //.

īvala jēyuṭa āvalikorakē
āvala nunḍuṭa yīvalikorakē
īvali nāvala nenaya diruguṭella
śrīvēṅkaṭēśvarujēruṭakorakē //talacina //

When one thinks of all,
all are for one's own sake!
To know them without
is only to know them within!

To be born is
only to cancel futurebirths!
Education is for knowing
one's own self;
and life is for becoming
a seeker of life's pursuits.
All efforts to know the man opposite,
is only to know one's own self!
One's attachment
is only to get detached.
Undergoing pains about anything
is only to experience one's
own Karma
To do any thing on this side
is only to do on the other side,
doing the other side is
only to do this side!
To do on either side and
move about hither and thither
is only to reach śrī vēṅkaṭēśvara.

60

paramātmuḍavu nīvu

kannaḍagauḷarāgaṃ

paramātmuḍavunīvu parañjyōtivinīve
yiravugagaṇṭi viṇṭinidivō nīrūpamu!!

pekkurōmakūpamula penubrahmāṇḍālumōcē
vekkasapu nīku trivikramākritiyēmi?
akkaḍavēdaśruti 'atyatiṣṭat daśāṅgulaṃ'
ekkuva yanipogaḍīridivō nīrūpamu!!

vedaka jīvulalōnē vēvēlu rūpulu nīku
yedaṭi daśāvatārā lēmiyarudu?
adē 'viśvatōmukha yanantamūrti' vani
yide śruti pogaḍīni, yidivō nīrūpamu!!

ḍindupaḍi suralu nītirumēnapogaḍaga
yindaru nīvēyavuṭēmi yarudu?
yendunu śrīvēṅkaṭēśa 'yēkōnārāyaṇa'
yindulō śruticāṭī nidivō nīrūpamu!!

Thou art the super –soul;
thou art the eternal one !
I have seen thine divine form
etched in deep grooves!
With as many crores of perspiration glands
thou carry
so many universes and galaxies, so
why should you be bothered about
incarnation of Trivikrama!
There, the scripture praised your form,
"standing erect as tall as
ten lengths of your own thumb".
When one goes in search,
among the beings,
thousands of thousands of your forms
guiding the ten incarnations
is no wonder;
as the scripture praises,
"one who faces the universe as of
countless forms".
The heavenly hordes praise
Your sacred form, as a single individual
'nārāyaṇa' *in scriptures,*
no surprise finding you as one such!

NOTES & COMMENTARY

Song 1

Besides the element of love as expressed by the most favourable (*anukūla* and *svīya*) wedded wife like Alamelu Manga, the devotion of *parakīya nāyikās* like gopis for Lord *krisna* welcomes the time for the erotic lyrics, heralding dawn and waking up Lord *krisna*'s *arcamūrti* in the shape of Lord *vēnkatēśvara.*

The *kīrtana* has become *sankīrtana* due to *annamācāryā*'s deep involvement in lifting the Telugu song from the illiterate proletarian state to literary status by composing more than 30,000 lyrics in two categories in the main, the spiritual and the romantic or the musical calling them respectively the *ādhyātmapada* and the *śringārapada.*

Through *sankīrtana* serving the Lord with songs both in temples and at home, he tried to restore the spiritual values of the society singing the praise of the Lord suitable for different occasions in the day. To illustrate, the *sankīrtana* in the temple starts with '*mēlukolupu*' or song for waking up the Lord, heralding the dawn in the early hours of morning with various other types of songs like, *nalugu majjānam*, *naivēdyam, nivāli* (or *ārati*) etc and the last of all for the day being eekanta seva, rendered in *rāgās* like *dēvagandhāri*, asking the sakhis not to disturb the divine couple when they are in union.

Sone 2

In this lyric *annamācārya* envisages a casteless society of individuals of righteous conduct, a heart full of universal love without an iota of hatred to any body.

Song 3

Scholars like *śrī rāllapalli* paid unreserved compliments to gurus of daasa koota of *madhva matās*, like *ānanda tīrtha* and *narahari tīrtha*, their disciples and successor *gurus* like *śrīpāda*

rāya and *vyāsarāja*of *dāsakūṭa* for their being forerunners among *hari bhaktās* and composers of devotional songs on *hari*. They would have certainly influenced Annamayya in his lyrical composition. Seniors of *mādhavagurus* like *ānandatīrtha* and *naraharitīrtha* had not made any contribution to devotional lyrical literature since they were deeply engaged more in religious teaching and responsibilities of administration of *madhva matās* than lyrical composition.

śrīpāda rāya and *vyāsarāja* composed devotional lyrics in Kannada language, praising *viṣṇu* as the lonely child - god of the universe lying on a banyan leaf floating in the primordial waters of *praḷaya*, at the end of kalpa (age of creation) as per *mārkaṇḍēyapurāṇam*.

Lyrics abound with the child-god of wonders who was floating on the banyan leaf lying above the primordial waters. In this lyric the epithets in praise of the child – god on one side, baby boy *kriṣṇa* on another and the originator of the universe at the outset - all the images get super imposed on one another. However, in a song like that of *śrīpāda rāya* or *vyāsarāja*, the pictures do not clearly superimpose on one another in treating personalities.

tenāli rāmakriṣṇa, in the court of *veṅkaṭapatirāya* is said to have frightened a visiting scholar parading as a linguist. He was challenged by *rāmakriṣṇakavi* with a Telugu verse in dictation. The spellings of certain native idiomatc Telugu phrases were not correctly written by the visiting scholar and so he had to accept defeat and go away. The verse starts with the words "*ṭpruvvaṭa bā bā talapai puvvaṭa jābilli*" etc. A half a century prior to *tenāli rāmakriṣṇa*, *annamācārya* must have composed his lyric with the peculiar expression to entertain a Telugu child, or the primordial child - god! *śrīpāda rāya* and *vyāsarāja* seem to have written this peculiar word in imperfeet spelling, which proved to be later an imperfect imitation. The word used by

annamayya would have been taught by any Telugu mother who was pronouncing the expression very correctly and exactly to entertain her toddler .

Inspite of the lisping burden of the song (tpruvvi-tpruvvi) it enters the baby boy in the cradle. This lyric is packed by annamācārya with several images like the baby boy lying on the banyan leaf, floating, in the primordial waters of the universe, the child kriṣṇa sucking the life out of the breasts of the demon Pootana and also kicking off śakaṭāsura the toy cart. No other lyrical composer comes any where near him in identifying the primordial child- god with an incarnation of the lord!

Song 4

Here is a reference to the poet annamācārya having witnessed a village theatrical, referred to in the song as "naṭakasala". The heroine on the stage kicked on the crown of Lord. And it felldown and the Lord got embarassed.

krīḍābhirāmaṃ, a street play was converted into a poetical work; and a village drama, with verses and portrayals of many types of courtesan women. Men visited courtesan colonies even in the 13th to 15th centuries. Actors and troupes visited Karnataka Capital dvārasamudra (of hōyasālās), the Capitals of andhra like varaṅgal and vinukoṇḍa, Capital of vallabharāya a patron and friend of poet śrīnātha .

naṭuladi dvāra samudramu
viṭuladi yōrgallu kavidi vinukoṇḍa - mahā
puṭa bhēdana midi tritayamu,
niṭakūrcenu brahmarasiku lellanu meccan!

"The actors belonged to dvārasamudram and the courtesan lovers belonged to varaṅgal ,while the poet happened to be a native of vinukoṇḍa; all the three constituted a great city like a combination formulated by the creator, so that all lovely and learned

persons were immensely pleased." Since krīḍābhirāmam (15th century) is an adaptaiton of *Premabhiramam* of Ravipati Tripu rantaka, a poet of the 13th century, we can say that theatrical plays were known in Andhra in the 13th to 15th cenuries or even earlier.

This lyric of annamācārya in aahiri raga describes an incident from a stage play witnessed by the poet himself, and the same depicts satyabhāmā's rude treatment meted out to her Lord due to her jealousy and anger against her co-wife rukmiṇī.

alamēlu maṅga the heroine of Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara in this episode, taunts the Lord of having been kicked by a young woman in the theatre hall (nāṭakaśāla)when the Lord got perturbed. This is a reference to the incident leading to the story of kriṣṇa's expedition to amarāvati, the Capital of Indra's heaven, for lifting the pārijāta tree before which, satyabhāma in her anger against kriṣṇa, kicked his crown while he was trying to entreat her by bowing at her feet.

This story was not depicted either in the bhāgavataṃ, viṣṇu purāṇam or harivaṃśam in their original Sanskrit versions. Scholars believe that the story is a pet concoction of the regional folk theatricals and ballads of āndhra.

The lyric also depicts an incident from the village theatricals, and is a documentary evidence of annamācārya having witnessed a performance of such a village theatrical play like the 'pārijāta nāṭakam' presenting characters like satyabhāma and kriṣṇa.

Song 5

The burden of the song reminds us about the '*jaḍapaṭṭu*' in '*bhāmākalāpaṃ*' before *satyabhāma*'s actual appearance on the stage when she makes her flower decked long braid of coiffure angle over the curtain, but lowered up to her waist. *alamēlumaṅga* remains behind the curtain half lowered or half raised.

Sont 6

Here is a lyric of *annamayya* only intended for dancing with elaborate bhramaries and other movements according to some prakrit bhasha syllables.

We may translate '*tirōtirō javarāla*' as "turn round turn round oh! young woman as the glittering pearl necklace dangles and jumps about according to rhythmic syllables '*tatti titti* ". The literary line '*māmārē pātra rāvumajja*' may be suggestive of an advice in bhandira bhasha or prakrit sounding untranslatable rhythmic syllablas and have been convincingly commented upon by me according to the assumed context! Guru's advice to the dancing heroine, *alamēlumaṅga* is to consciously dance and enter in to the role, (patra) from time to time, while not neglecting the artistic presentation of dance.

It is important to note that this 6th lyric raises the most important point of dancing, the responsibility of an actor and also entering into the role from time to time which actually means a dual role and also perform to the technical perfection, the dancing (*caturvidhābhinaya*) of the four types of *abhinaya* adequately well.

She is 'mayi mayi' for all the devotees among the audience and *alamēlumaṅga* nachiar and '*matibāyani paṭṭapurāṇi*' the queen consort who would never fade out from the mind of the Lord, her hero.

Song 7

Modern critics and historians of music and dance say that *annamayya* lived in a preliminary or an elementary stage of evolution of music and dance. All such critics must be bewildered at the profusion of nētrābhinayam, a variety of expression through eyes enacted in a group dance of 12 danseuses.

One of the nāyikās, representing a group of twelve young women, asks Lord vēṅkaṭēśa, "We are as many of us, please tell us yourself which young woman has thrown what type of look-at you?"

In this lyric we find twelve types of women each enacting a particular type of look which is part of her character and nature and the lord is asked by the maidens to comment upon their character and psychology in love according to each woman's look!

The lyric is intended for dance and to portray sātvikābhinayam, facial expression of moods through a variety of movements of eyes (looks) and the other parts of the face. One of the nayikas representing a group of twelve young women presents the riddle for the Lord's elucidation!.

Song 8

There are innumerable songs describing svāmi vēṅkaṭēsvara standing infront of the devotees, as composed by annamācārya. While singing the song, each devotee listening to, or, imagining to be listening to the composer annamaya himself, renders each song. The listener, reader or the devotee will get the ecstasy of having had a vision of the Lord (sākṣātkāra darśanam). songs 8,50,52, 54 and 60 -describe the vision of the Lord in various settings.

Song 9

I had to go through a little musicological research while arriving at the shape of the raga of this lyric, koṇḍamalahari. malahari is the raga which occurs in the early music lessons of learners of karnatak music. I had to flatten the antara gandhara

while descending. Some of the ragas like śaila dēśākṣi and koṇḍamalahari are formed like that.

Now the shape of this Raga koṇḍamalahari arrived at as suggested above by substitution of antara gandhara with Suddha gandhara brings about a tint of a hilly melody to koṇḍamalahari. This raga suits the words of an angry nāyika (khaṇḍita)

Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara is the hero unto all the human beings who are his heroines. According to alaṅkāra śāstra, alamēlumaṅga is a sweeya or a wedded wife. The two other main varieties of nāyikās are 'parakīyaand sāmānya". In the case of vēṅkaṭēśvara being a hero, there is no question of a parakīya heroine. This sāmānya heroine happens to come from the gōpikās and cceñcitās (cowherd and tribal women respectively).

In this lyric, a ceñcita, a tribal young woman refuses and returns the special gifts sent by lord vēṅkaṭēśvara, during his approaches, wooing!.

Song 10

The tender sproutling, the pair of wood-apples, hidden behind a cluster of teak leaves, the ruby-like labial fruit carrying sweetness of honey yet unlifted from the comb, cherished gift of rose water surging and over-flowing the brim are all symbols of game of love. Apparently important physical parts of woman's limbs, have special significance in the sacred game of love. They are offered one after another, as gift to the (divine) lover, the supreme soul. Consummating the game of love, the heroine's last cherished gift of rose-water surging and over-flowing the brim is offered. When the beloved Lord's sweet nothings quench her thirst, she bows down to his feet, when the flowers on her hair do fall on his feet, as fulfillment of love. In cases as this parallels can be found between the lyrical poetry called padāvaḷi, rājasthāni folk-arts and architectural figures of beautiful young lovers of khajarahō type, wherein we find glimpses of 'sura sundari '.

Song 11

As indicated in the T.T. Devasthanam copper plates the Raga for the 11th lyric is dēśalam It will be of interest to note that there are nearly 200 lyrics that are to be sung in this raga as it existed in the 15th century. In the 13th century, Palkuriki Sonanatha's paṇḍitārādhya caritram contains an exhaustive list of ragas consisting of dēśāḷi

jayadēva's gītagōvindam indicates that three of the astapadis (tavavirahē, vadaśyādi anilatara ḷa kuvalaya) are to be rendered in the raga Desavarali. The Raga appears in the lakṣaṇagranthas as dēśāvli, which is a Janya of 55th melakarta, śyāmalāṅgi But a scholarly musician friend of mine suggested that dēvasalagam becoming dēśālamis more probable than dēśavarāḷi . Now the medieval music books contain dēvasalagam a janya raga of the 25th mēlakarta mararañjani (S. G,P, dn = NSGRS; Pndp MGRS) all capital letters in the notation being very sharp notes), the raga consists of a lively jubilation and a folkish simplicity and sweetness. I set this 11th lyric, a gopika gita in this ragam dēvasalagam, and the listeners enjoyed the setting.

Song 12

If the grammatical clauses of Ragas like, ritigauḷa, biḷahari or kāmbōji, are practical divisions applied to the sāhityabhāva and if they sound just fitting the structures to bring in the aesthetic appeal and pleasure, the tradition of rāga bhāva in creating the necessary effect needs be appreciated.

Song 13

In this song, annamācārya perhaps outshone the expression of one or two modern poets, who have been nicknamed as bhāvakavis in description of subjective feeling of depression caused by loneliness or pangs of separation of loveridden or a devotion - ridden devotee.

This song depicts the mood of suffering from loneliness of a beloved devotee. In all the rest of the songs, the nāyika represents the devotee or vice versa. But in this song the person who is love - lorn with the Lord is depicted not as a woman, but a man (annamayya himself) pining for his beloved Lord the puruṣōttama, Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara

This rāga kannaḍagauḷa is not of the same structure as that of the modern composers of 19th century like tyāgarāja. The structure of this kannaḍagauḷa is taken from vidyāraṇya and rāmamatyaof the 14th and 16th centuries as contemporaries to annamayya's practical music. "SR³, G³, M¹, G³p DS ND MPMGS"

Song 14

rāga kapinārāyaṇi in place of the raga given in copper plates (of TTD) has been chosen for this lyric, because of a binding attraction of an amalgamation of marga and desi trends in the raga.

It is an approach to the Lord by a group of folk belles gōpikās or women representing the whole humanity standing for you, me and every one, as heroine, making love to the supreme Lord and talking to him in an erotic way with a super imposed philosophic overtone !

Song 15

To the accompaniment of citti daṇḍe and karatāḷa annamayya was composing off hand atleast two lyrics per day during his life time. Out of which, nearly four to five thousand were purely spiritual intended to be sung by himself alone or any devotee followed by a group of devotees as in a bhajanagōṣṭi But nearly 15,000 or even more erotic songs were composed by him intended for four types of abhinaya defined by documentary evidence of there being rāyasabha rañjakam kuppayis and hordes of them who were called varasātulu as mentioned in this lyric.

This particular song provides us evidence that the varasātulu were not merely, for offering worship to Lord by singing and *dancing* composed by "ayyavāru", but also harassing and teasing him and engaging themselves in indulgences. annamayya tells them, that he had already dedicated his heart to Goovinda. A so he is asking the varra satulu, where will they go lie, or die with their polluted lips !

Song 16

This lyric describes the last of the various functions or sessions of worship offered to the lord Sri vēṅkaṭēśvara every day, namely ēkāntasēva where-in the Lord and his consort are sent to the nuptial chamber and are made to perform various decorations, and play bridal games which are all described in this lyric. In this lyric is described in full detail, all the phases of the love game as performed by the Lord and his heroine. The entrance into the chamber for outsiders like the maidens in waiting is a taboo!

Song 17

A good number of lyrics are there about kriṣṇa, the eighth of dēvaki or the middle child among three boys who came to be children of yaśōda, the most important of three. According to annamayya's choice Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara is none other than who was lording as a child of dēvaki and vasudēva and later transferred to vrēpalle by vasudēva to nanda and yaśōda.

Song 22

This lyric depicts pairs of words carrying images which are antonyms to each other, as such, the Raga vagadhiswari, is employed, to bring out the dissonance as indicated by the dissonant notes, to each other and the distance in the Raga's structure does not come in the way of portraying the antonyms.

Song 24

It is this author's discovery that, mention of the name of satyabhāma was made by annamācārya for the first time in lyrical literature in Telugu. Three lyrics are included in this collection, the 4th, 24th the 29the lyrics present different but specific character traits of satyabhāma .

Song 25

The serpentine couch of viṣṇu on the sky is called *'serpens'* or 'ophiucus' by western astronomers. while 'sepens' is called 'ādiśēṣa' or 'śēṣaśayya' the lord lying on the 'śayya'. viṣṇu is called by the westerners as *'Herculese'*, which name also, according to cunniṅgam, Todd and other scholars, is of Indian (Sanskrit) origin as such, it is 'harikulēśa' - kriṣṇa belonging to 'harivaṃśa'.

Song 26

kṣētrayya nearly a century and a half later, composed a lyric with a similar situation in which, the heroine comes across another woman; psychologists say, that the image of the other woman, is a creation of the heroine's imagination, "What is the name of the woman who lay in between you and me muvvagōpāla, you are too smart and exposed is your nature, my lord lover, one should never believe you, muvvagōpāla your wares are stale" kṣētrayya with a negative ending, achieved only failure ... whereas, annamācārya achieved rasa siddhi, the fulfillment of love in his heroine by not being negative to the intruding woman (creation of imagination)

Song 27

This is a song of a tribal heroine; raga dēśālam, is arrived from dēvasalagam, very natural accents of conversation of a village-belle make this song lively and erotic!

Song 29

This is one of the rare lyrics of annamayya not only mentioning names, but also pronouncing main characteristics of

heroines other than alamēlumanga, even as pronounced by alamēlumanga herself about laccumamma (lakṣmi), satyabhāma and rukkumiṇi.

Song 30

In this song there are three or four words, which sound archaic Telugu.

gāmiḍi = grāmamlō pedda; veḍḍu veṭṭu = manassu maḷḷiñcu; (vañciñcu) āsapālakuḍu = śaktimantuḍu, mahimakalavāḍu.

Song 40

This is a traditional wedding song in which, lakṣmi and nārāyaṇa (viṣṇu) are the wedding couple. Such wedding songs are sung in every wedding of present-day human couple, deeming such recitals would add blessings to the couple.

Song 45

jātara, jātara and jātara have the same meaning as the Spring festival.

Song 46

There was a collision between the Lord and his beloved, who is a sāmānya, a courtesan; and having come to know that it was only a dream, the heroine embraced the Lord.

The heroine in this lyric is a sāmānya, a courtesan and the hero is vitarāyas, the best of courtesan lovers and his name is kōnēṭirāya!

Song 51

Out of the 27 well known stars, starting from aśvani, śravaṇam is the star, which is very much 'garuḍa' (Aquila, in western astronomy) which is the birth star of Lord vēṅkaṭēśvara or viṣṇu . Herculese group of stars (and the dragon) are viṣṇu,

who is Harikulesa in his incarnation as śrīkrṣṇa, having vēga, and lira for brahma and sarasvati and , Cygnus, the swan, the vehicle of the creator, brahma. All these can be seen a little to the south of the saptaiṣis, in the northern skies!

Song 52

palajalanidhi is the milky way in the sky, otherwise, known as kṣīrābdhi or the milky ocean. Star group, *ophiucus* is the constellation, called by the Hindu astronomers as ādiśēṣa, above which is found 'śravaṇam' The curse of exile, ends when the lord, lying on the serpentine couch rises from his sleep, on the bright eleventh (ēkādaśi) day of the month of kārika. This line of kalidasa from his 'mēgha sandēśa', indicates that, Hercules and the dragon are viṣṇu and his bed known to be serpentine.

Song 53

Swati among the 27 stars is the star of hanuman svāti, or hanuman on one side, and garuḍa on the other end. The viṣṇu group of stars lying on the serpent is Hercules (according to western astronomers). Our śayana ēkādaśi, parivartana ēkādaśi, utthana or prabodha rising from sleep. ēkādaśi and Vvaikuṇṭha ēkādaśi are very sacred days from kāḷidāsa's times, and observed according to the appearance of this star group.

nannayabhaṭṭu's beautiful verse on the advent of śaradrituvu, as described in the canto iv of the araṇya parvam of mahābhāratam written in the 11th Century A.D.

"bhū satikin divambunaku polpesagaṅga śaratsamāgamaṃ
bāsakalapramoda karamai vilasille, maharṣimaṇḍalō
pāsita rājahamaṃsa gatibhāsi prasanna sarasvati ka,
mabjāsanaśōbitaṃ bagucu abjaju yānamutō samānamai!"

From the earth to the heaven (sky), spread all-round joy and happiness, like the divine swan, (2. rājahamsa) Cygnus, which was worshipped by the seven sages,

(1. meharisptarsimandalōpāsita) due to the lakes on the earth in a state of overflow, and the star lyra or sarasvati shining in brightness (3. prasanna sarasvatīkam) having lotuses in full blossom, besieged by buzzing bees, (4. abjāsana śōbhitam) the happiness and joy having sky - rocketed from earth to skies like the swan, the vehicle of Brahma the star abhijit or vega!
5. "nikkina vālāgramandu nindina brahmalōkamu"

"In this line, the expanding hanumān's tail end touches brahmalōka abjit (vēga)".

Song 54

Here is annamācārya's description of Lord vēnkaṭēśvara or the supreme god, as a concrete form, which will be in contrast with the traditional belief like scriptures to be abstract and formless!

Song 55

The lyric takes the reader to an unconventional rationalist attitude, away from the superstitious actions of devotees as any one observes!

Song 56

Moonrise on a full moon day is depicted as the harvest of fullmoon.

Song 57

This is a riddle like lyric almost sounding like a song of mysticism of Tagore ! It is surprising to find out such a lyric among the copper plate lyrics of annamayya of 15th century with such modern or alien construction and mysticism.

Song 58

This lyric belongs to the type 'Tattwam' or philosophical song usually sung by mendicants going in the streets begging from house to house. Song 38 is also of the same kind.

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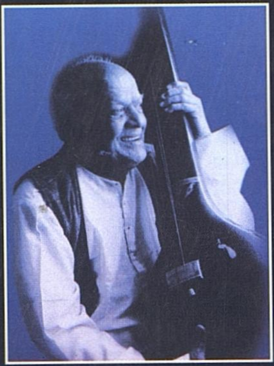

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